



STARMAN

No.101

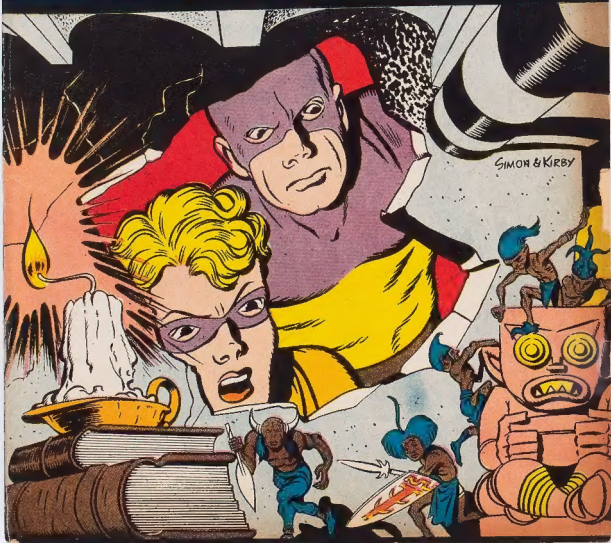
A 52-PAGE
MAGAZINE



DEC.
JAN.

Adventure COMICS

Ten
Cents





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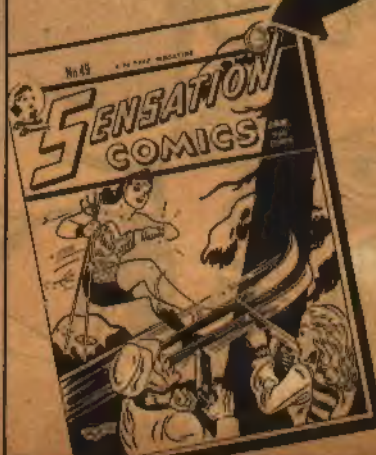
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is for
CAT

A SMART, NINE-LIVED
CREATURE—
HE'LL BET ALL
HIS LIVES
ON A DC FEATURE!

THAT'S BECAUSE HE
KNOWS THAT **ANY**
COMIC FEATURE IN
ANY DC MAGAZINE
IS **TOPS!**



in
**SENSATION
COMICS,**
FOR EXAMPLE,
HE'LL FIND A
WHOLE FLOCK
OF TOP
FEATURES!

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Printed in U.S.A.

SANDMAN

in "NO NAP FOR NO-NERVES"

COOL, CALM AND STEADY AS A ROCK, NO-NERVES NOONAN HAS PERFECT POISE. BULLETS WHINE AND FISTS JOLT... BUT THERE'S NOT A QUALM OR A JITTER IN NO-NERVES. THEN SANDMAN AND SANDY START A CAMPAIGN THAT WOULD MAKE THE TOUGHEST TOUGHIE TREMBLE. AND BEFORE THE MASTER OF SLEEP AND DREAMS IS THROUGH, NOT A STONE IN NOONAN'S CITADEL OF CRIME REMAINS UN-SHAKEN!



THE RATTLE OF GUNFIRE AROUND A STREET CORNER— AND WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS KNOW IT'S TIME TO CHANGE COSTUMES ...



SOUNDS LIKE A CALL FOR THE SANDMAN AND SANDY!

YES, AND WE'D BETTER MAKE IT QUICK, SANDY!



SECONDS LATER...

A POLICEMAN— AND HE'S HURT.— COME ON, LET'S GET HIM OUT OF THE PATH OF THOSE BULLETS!



TH-THANKS, SANDMAN! THAT RAT, "NO-NERVES" NOONAN, AND HIS MEN ARE SHOOTING TO KILL!

NO-NERVES!— WOW, HE'S A TOUGH CUSTOMER! NOT TOO TOUGH FOR US, SANDY!



BUT YOU HAVE NO GUNS, SANDMAN— BETTER WAIT FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

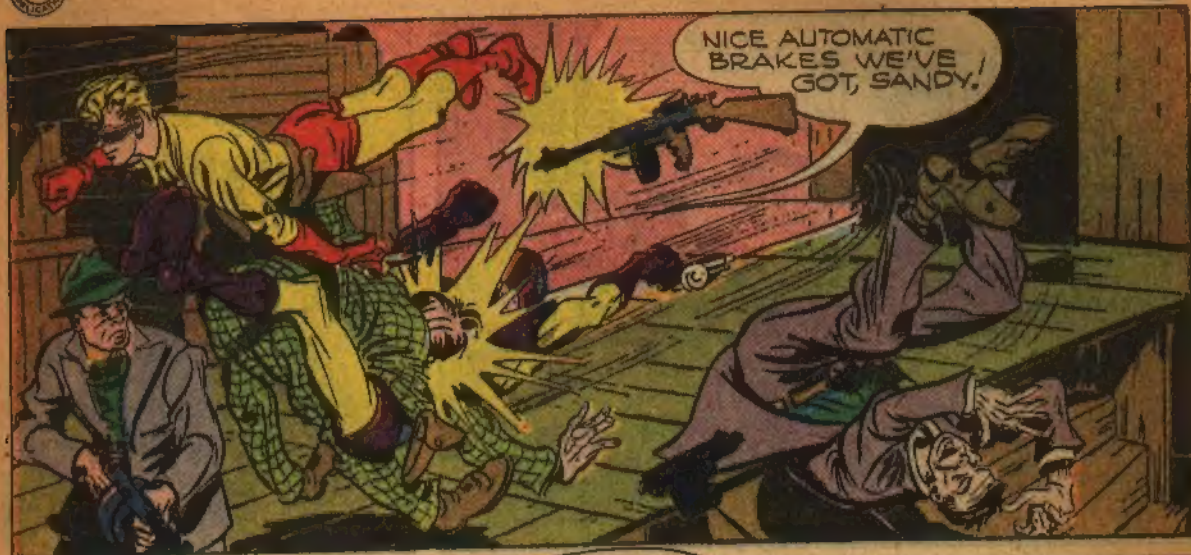
WE DON'T NEED GUNS! LET'S SHOW HIM, SANDY!



A STEEL-TIPPED WIRE-POON SINKS DEEP INTO THE WOODEN SIDE OF A WAREHOUSE...



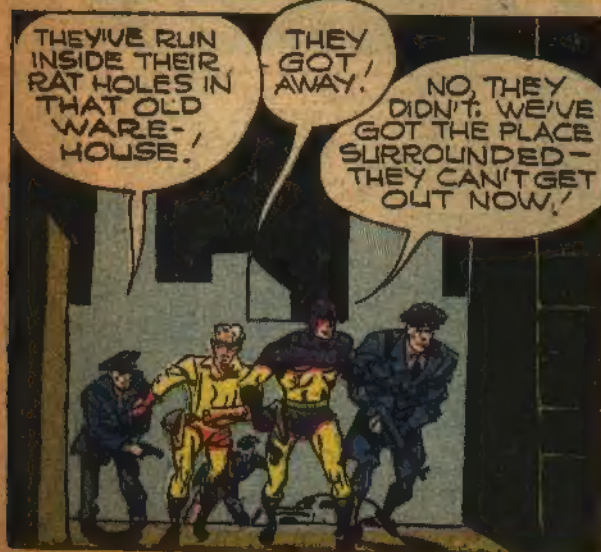
I THINK WE'RE GOING TO ENJOY THIS RIDE!



NO-
NERVES
HIMSELF!



FROM A NEARBY VANTAGE POINT, POLICE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE IN TIME TO WITNESS THE GRIM SCENE...





HMMM...

THE TUNNEL
UNDERNEATH
LEADS TO OUR
HIDEOUT— BUT
BETTER NOT TRY
TO USE IT, OR
THERE'LL BE A
LOTTA DEAD COPS
AROUND— AND DON'T
WORRY ABOUT OUR
STARVIN'— WE CAN
LAST A MONTH—
BE SEEN' YOU
THEN, FLATFEET.
NO-NERVES
NOONAN



I'M AFRAID HE'S GOT US,
SANDMAN— IT WOULD
BE SUICIDE TO TRY
TO FOLLOW THEM
DOWN THAT TUNNEL—
ONE MAN CAN HOLD
OFF AN ARMY!



WE CAN'T EVEN
GET IN POSITION
TO THROW TEAR-
GAS GRENADES AT
THEM— AND EVEN
IF WE DID, THEY
PROBABLY HAVE
GAS MASKS.

THERE SEEMS
TO BE NOTHING
TO DO BUT WAIT
UNTIL THEIR FOOD
AND WATER
RUN OUT!

HMM...
THAT MIGHT
TAKE A MONTH,
AS NO-NERVES
CLAIMS—I THINK
I KNOW A
FASTER WAY!

IN THE UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT...

OKAY, BOYS, GET GOIN'!
I'VE GOT FOOD FOR A
MONTH, BUT WE DON'T
WANNA STAY HERE
THAT LONG— THREE
DAYS OUGHTTA BE
ENOUGH!

YEAH, IN DAT
TIME WE'LL BE
ABLE TO DIG AN-
OTHER TUNNEL
TO DA RIVER— AN'
LEAVE DA COPPERS
GUARDIN' AN EMPTY
HIDEOUT.



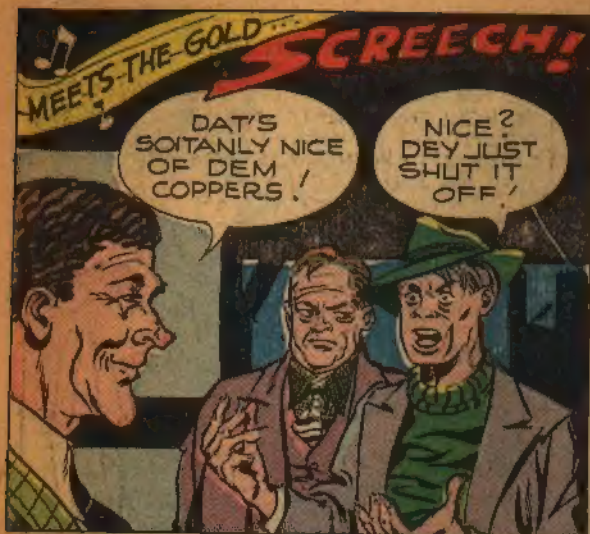
WE'LL KEEP ONE GUY DIGGIN', ONE
GUY ON GUARD— AND IN THE MEAN-
TIME, THE OTHER CAN GET SOME
SHUT-EYE— WAKE ME UP TO CHANGE
SHIFTS IN FOUR HOURS...



HUH?

WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT

HEY! DEY'RE
PLAYIN' MUSIC
FOR US!



MEETS THE GOLD

SCREECH!

DAT'S SOITANLY NICE OF DEM COPPERS!

NICE? DEY JUST SHUT IT OFF!



I'LL BE LOVIN' YOU ALWAAAYS

NOW IT'S ANOTHER SONG—THEY MUST BE WHACKY!



WITH A LOVE THAT'S

SCREECH!

DEY SHUT DAT OFF, TOO! NOW HOW AM I GONNA SLEEP WID T'INGS LIKE DAT GOIN' ON? I'M ALWAYS EXPECTIN' DA NEXT NOTE.

NEVER MIND THEM AND THEIR KID TRICKS, BOYS... JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND—



BANG! CRASH! RATTLE!

EEHH! NOW IT'S A BOILER FACTORY!

IT'S KID STUFF, I TELL YA! FERGET ABOUT IT AND GO TO SLEEP!



ARE YOU SURE THIS WILL WORK, SANDMAN?

WE'LL SEE! BUT WE'D BETTER GIVE THEM A REST NOW—A LITTLE REST TO TEASE THEM.

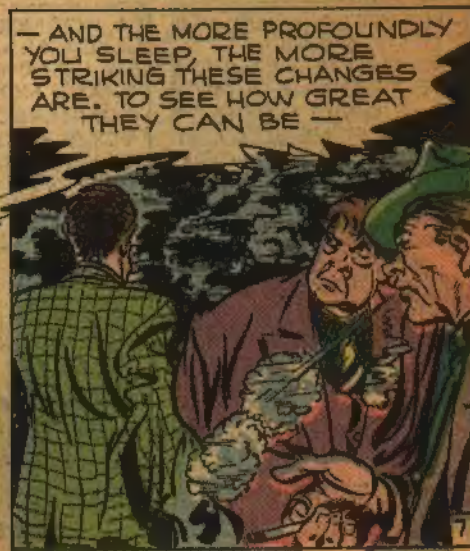
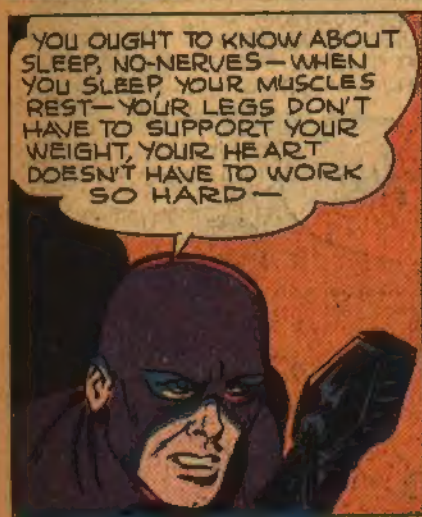


AH, IT'S NICE AND QUIET NOW—GUESS DEY FIGURED DEY WAS ONLY MAKIN' MONKEYS OF THEMSELVES...



HOOOTTT HOOOTTT HOOOTTTT

YIII!—NOW A LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE, JUST WHEN I WAS DROPPIN' OFF TA SLEEP!

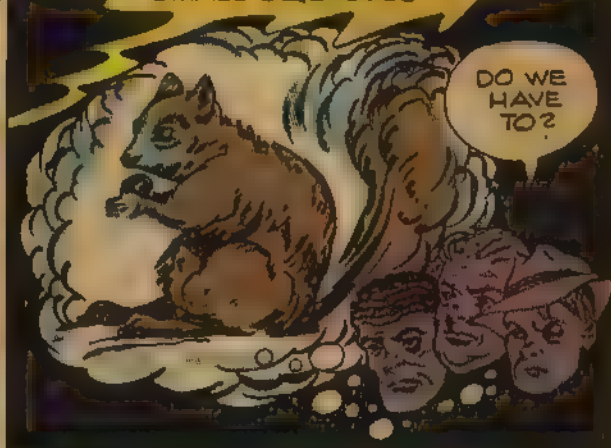


TAKE A BEAR, FOR INSTANCE— WHEN COLD WEATHER COMES ALONG, AND IT'S HARD TO FIND FOOD, HE RETIRES TO A CAVE AND HIBERNATES— SLEEPING THROUGH AN ENTIRE WINTER.



BLAST THAT SANDMAN, EVEN WHEN A GUY'S AWAKE, THE SANDMAN MAKES WITH THE DREAMS!

TAKE ANOTHER ANIMAL— THE DORMOUSE, THAT LOOKS LIKE A SMALL SQUIRREL—



DO WE HAVE TO?

WHILE IT'S HIBERNATING, YOU CAN DIP IT UNDER WATER, AND HOLD IT THERE FOR FIVE OR TEN MINUTES—



HEY, SANDMAN— YOU'LL DROWN IT!

WRONG, NO-NERVES.

— IT'S STILL ALIVE— IF IT HAD BEEN AWAKE, THIS WOULD HAVE DROWNED IT, BUT DURING HIBERNATION IT NEEDS JUST A SINGLE BREATH OF AIR EVERY TEN MINUTES OR SO...

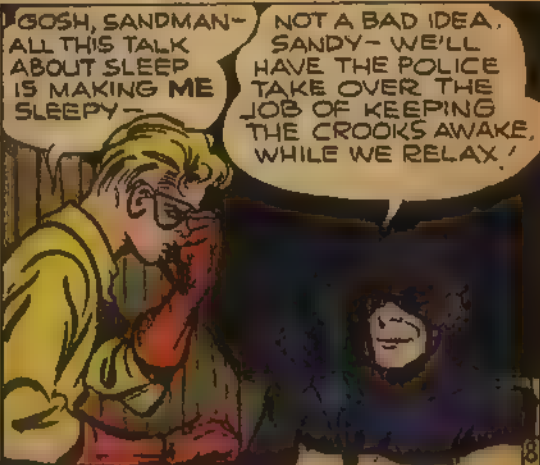


A DORMOUSE MAY SLEEP AS MUCH AS SIX MONTHS, BUT THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO SOME FROGS. THEY CAN GO A YEAR AND A HALF WITHOUT WAKING...



GOSH, SANDMAN— ALL THIS TALK ABOUT SLEEP IS MAKING ME SLEEPY—

NOT A BAD IDEA, SANDY— WE'LL HAVE THE POLICE TAKE OVER THE JOB OF KEEPING THE CROOKS AWAKE, WHILE WE RELAX!





THE HOURS PASS SLOWLY, AND NOW IN THE ONCE COMFORTABLE HIDEOUT...



IF I COULD ONLY SHUT DEM NOISES OUT!

NOTHIN' HELPS, NOW DEY GOT A LION ROARING!



BRRRP-BRRRRP!

AND NOW A RIVETIN' MACHINE.

SO WHAT? IF I CAN STAY AWAKE, YOU GUYS CAN!

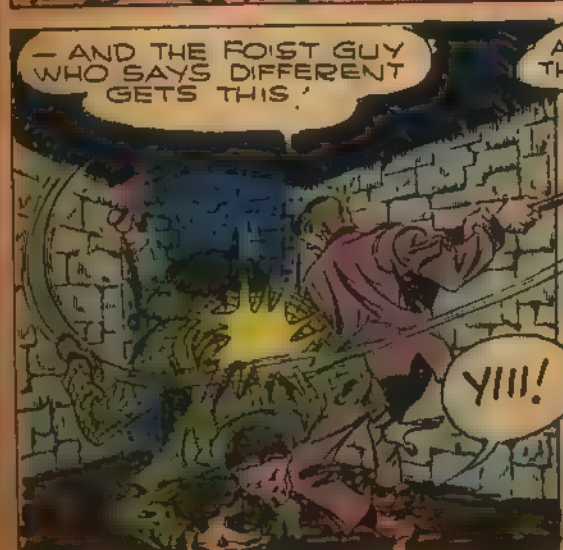


SO STOP YER SQUAWKIN' OR I'LL PUT YA TO SLEEP FOR GOOD!



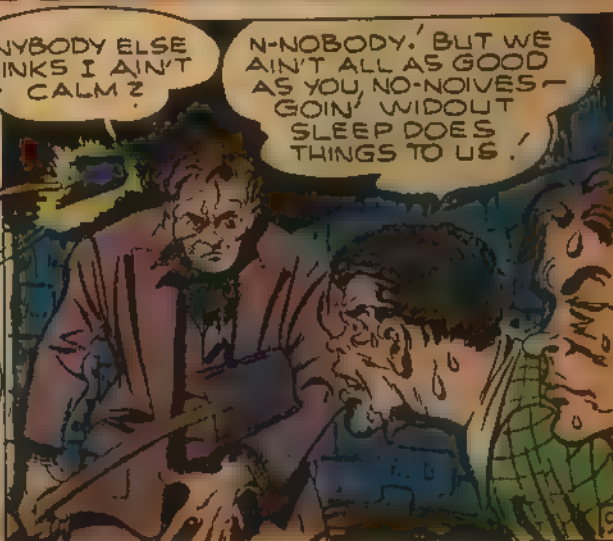
GOSH, NO-NERVES-YA DON'T HAVE TO LOSE YER TEMPER!

I AIN'T LOSIN' ME TEMPER-I'M PERFECTLY CALM, SEE? NOTHIN' UPSETS ME, SEE?



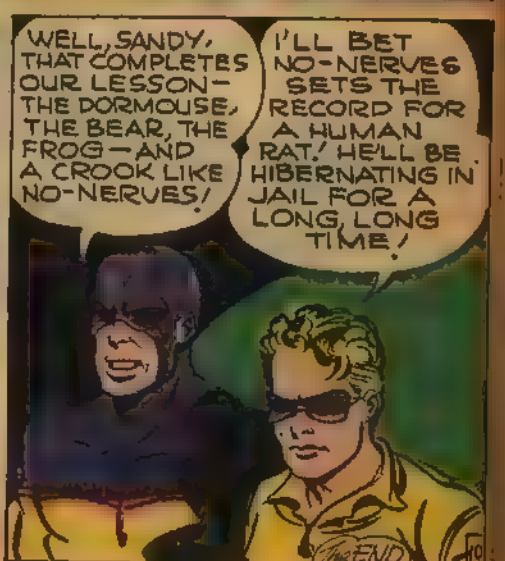
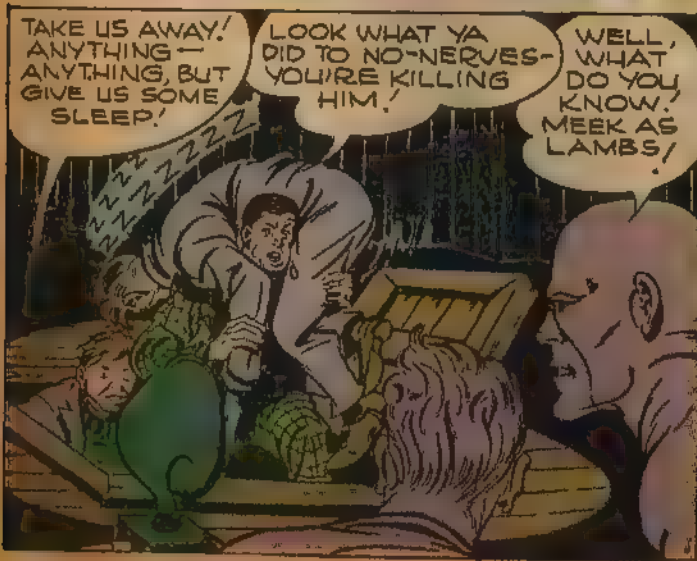
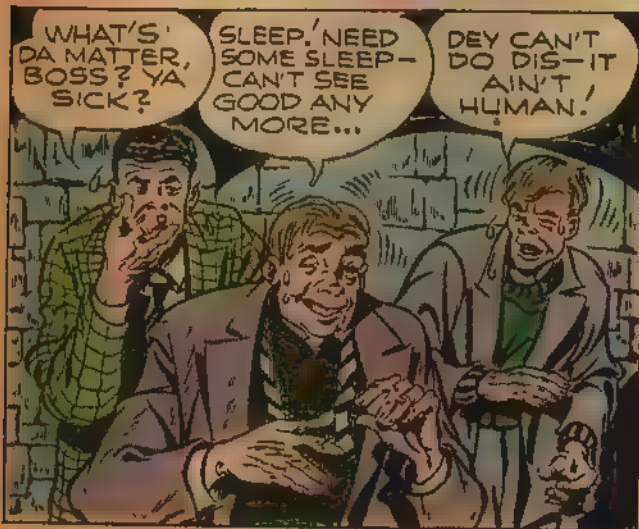
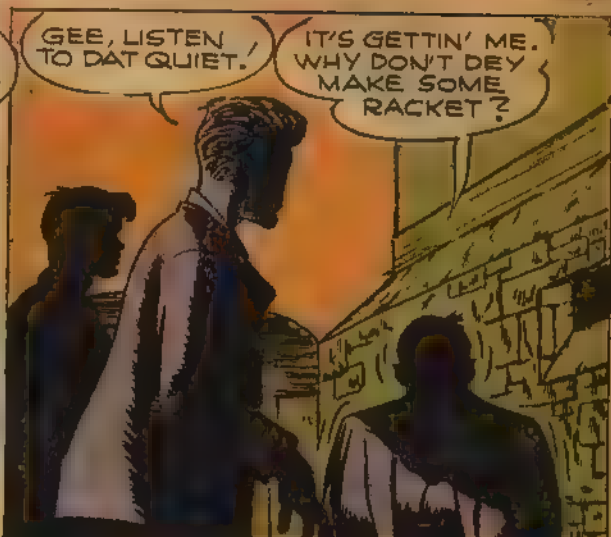
- AND THE FOIST GUY WHO SAYS DIFFERENT GETS THIS!

YIII!



ANYBODY ELSE THINKS I AIN'T CALM?

N-NOBODY, BUT WE AIN'T ALL AS GOOD AS YOU, NO-NOIVES-GOIN' WIDOUT SLEEP DOES THINGS TO US!



LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"I'll have to hang up, dear - one of the boys
wants the phone"

"EVEREADY" No. 6 dry cells are still serving in vitally important field telephone equipment for our Armed Forces

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GENIUS JONES

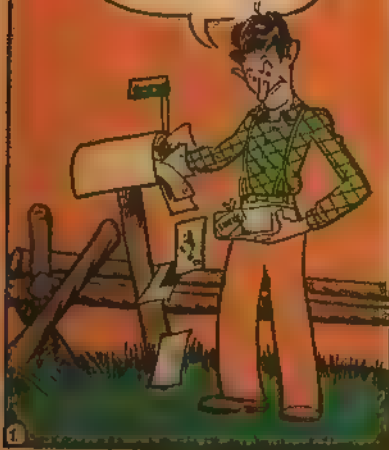
YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF SCRAMBLED EGGS, BUT DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ANYONE **UNSCRAMBLING** THEM? WELL, IN A WAY THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT **G. J.** DOES --- AND BELIEVE HIM, IT'S NO **YOLK** --- BEG PARDON, **JOKE** --- WHEN HE TRIES TO UNTANGLE THE RIDDLE OF...

THE HEN THAT LAID THE COLORED EGGS!



AT FARMER CY LOWE'S PLACE, HIRED-HAND LUKE SHARP RECEIVES A PACKAGE ...

HMM...WONDER WHO'D BE SENDIN' ME ANYTHIN'?

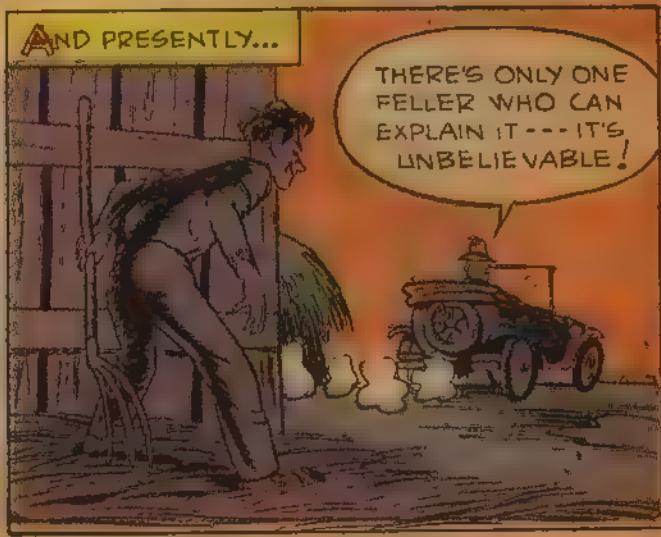
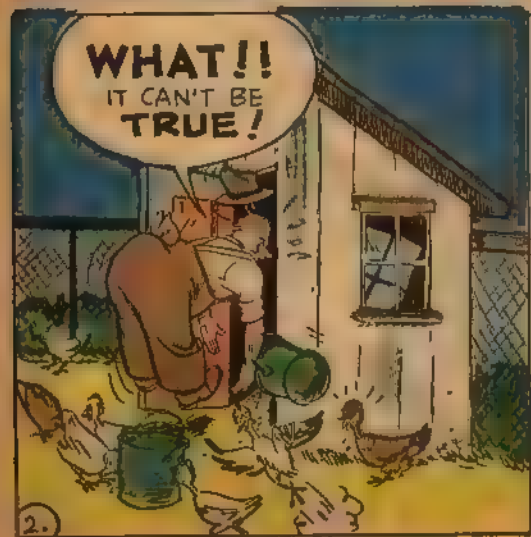


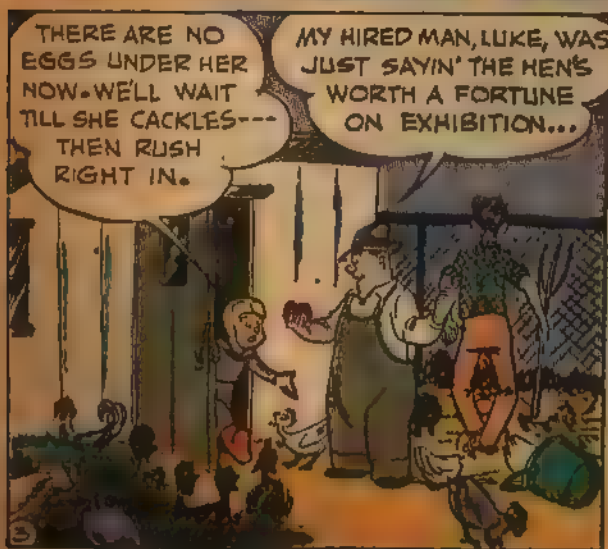
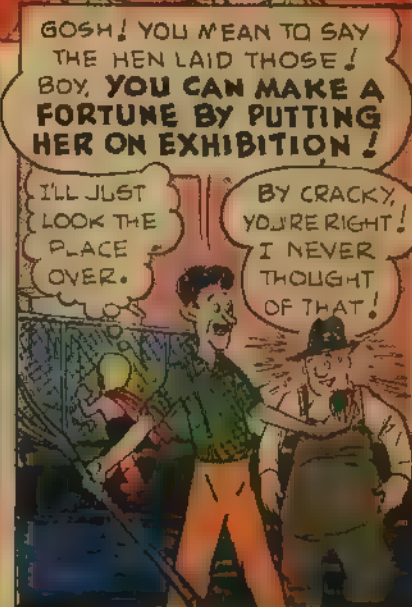
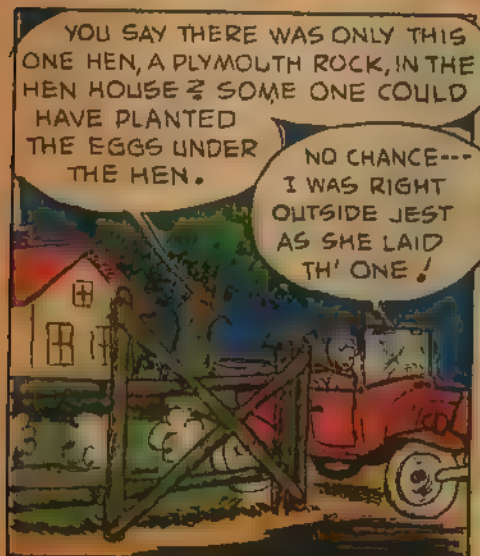
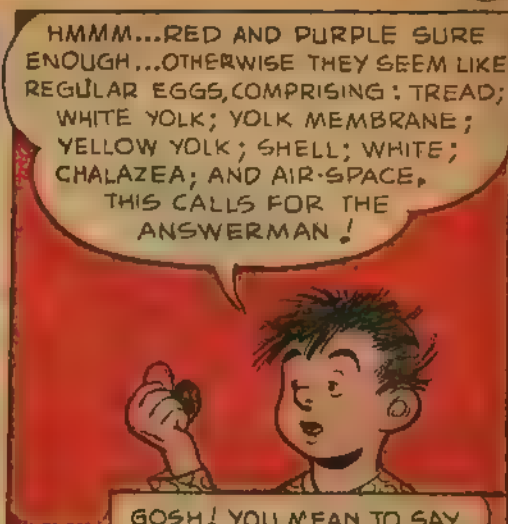
WHY, IT'S FROM MY RICH UNCLE! BOY--- IT'S ABOUT TIME THE OLD BUZZARD SENT ME SOMETHIN'!

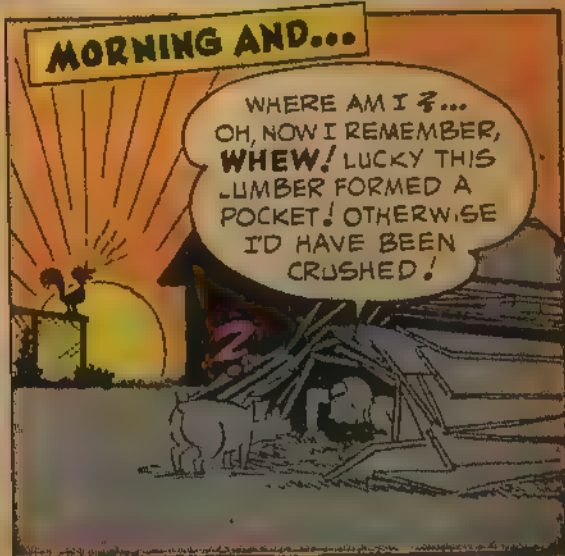
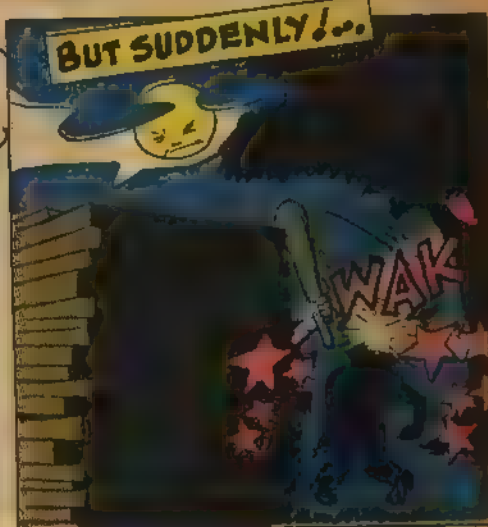
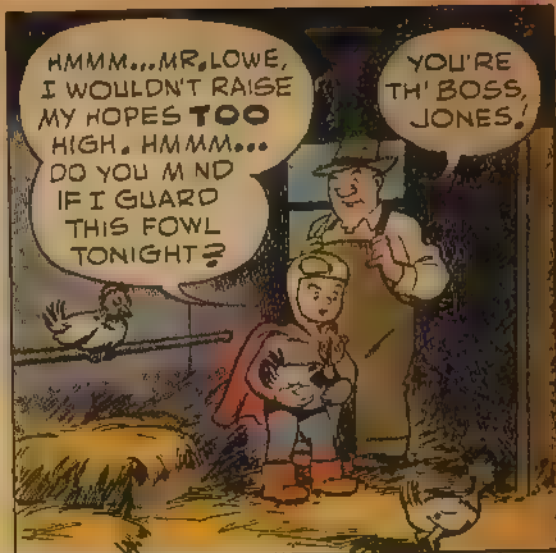
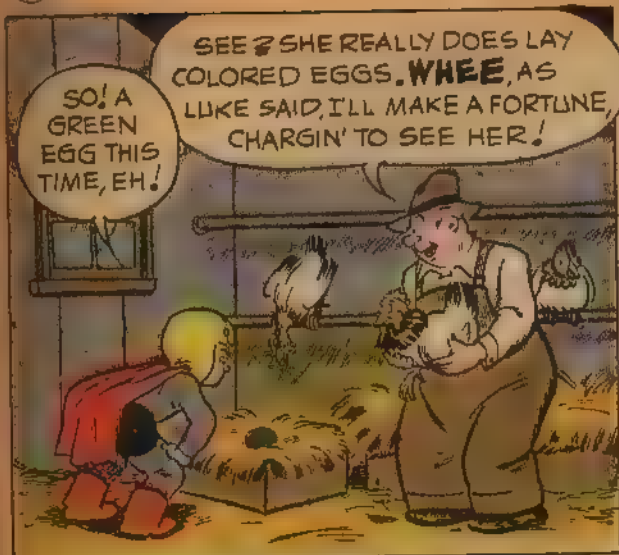


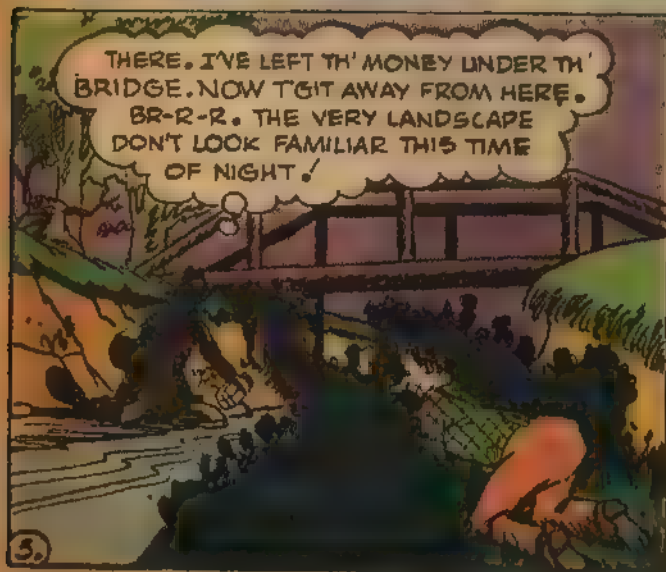
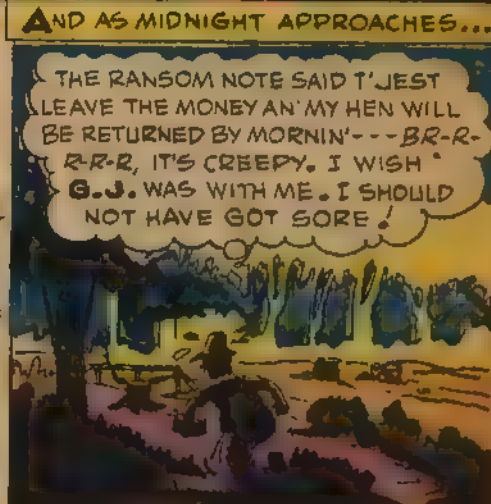
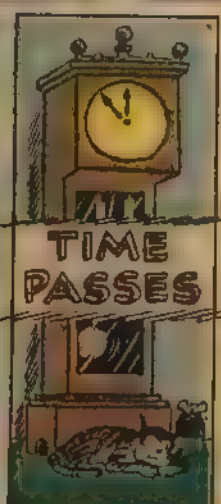
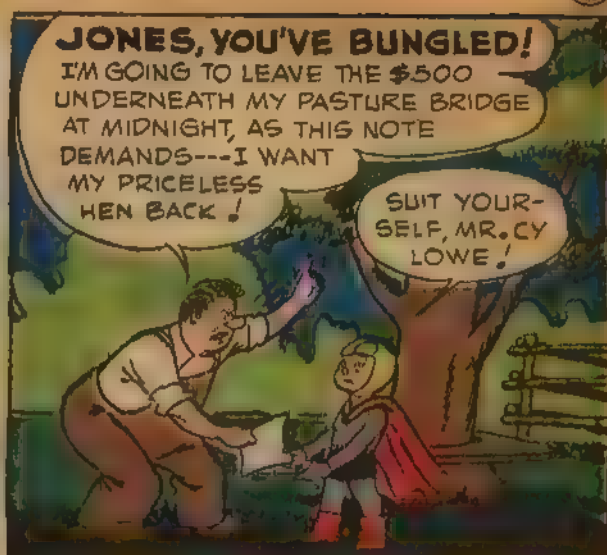
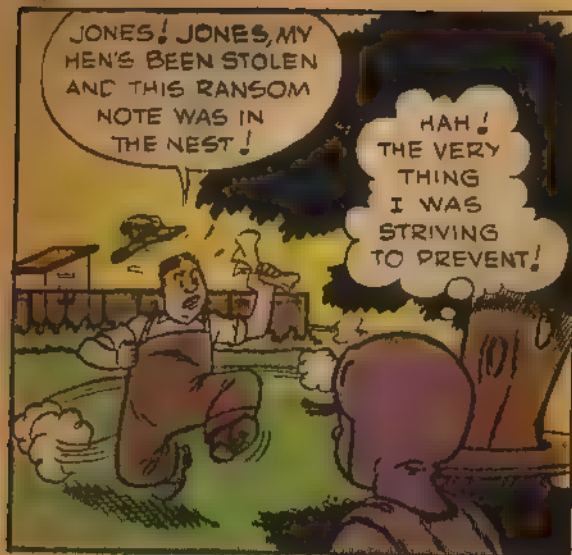
MAYBE IT'S MONEY AN'--- **WHAT! EGGS!** IMAGINE THAT! SENDIN' EGGS TO A MAN WHO WORKS ON A **FARM!**

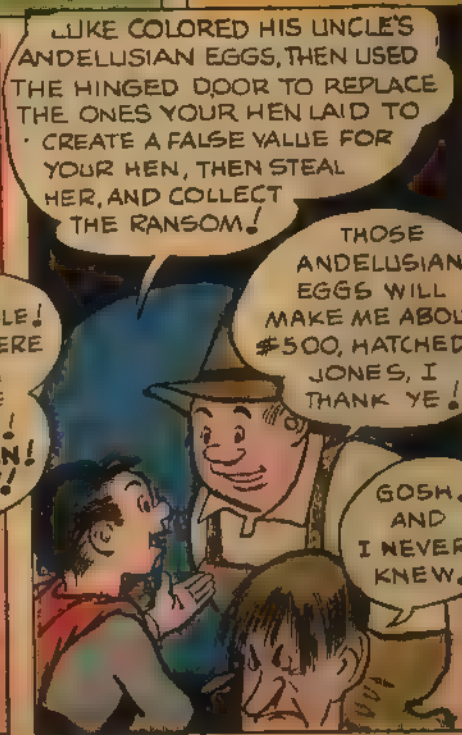
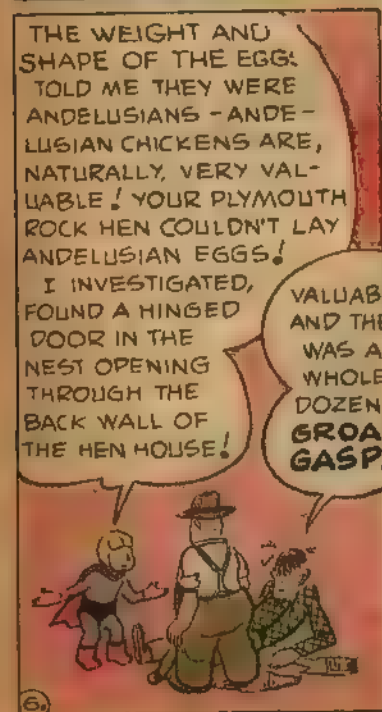
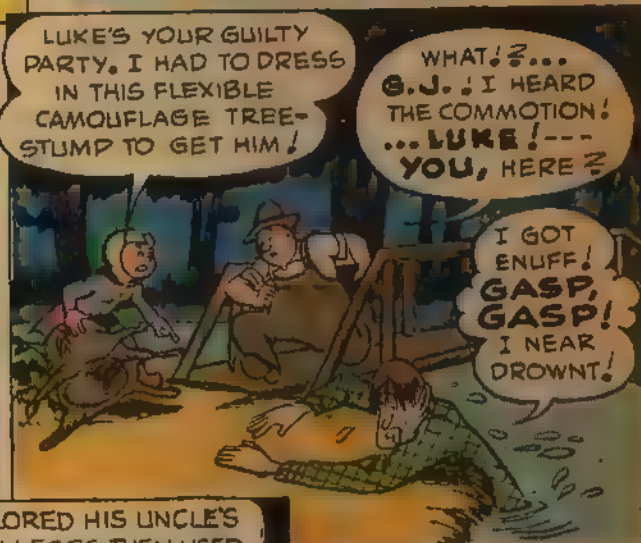
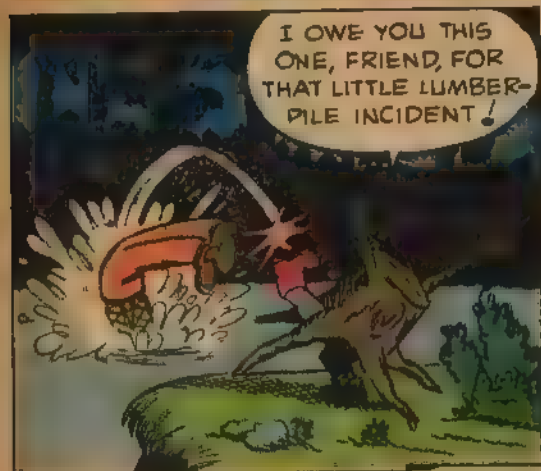
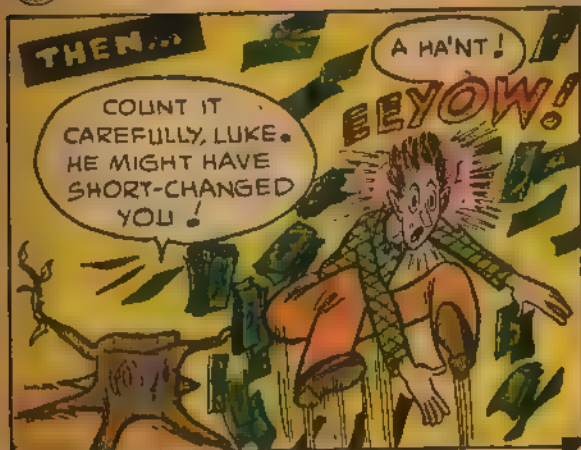


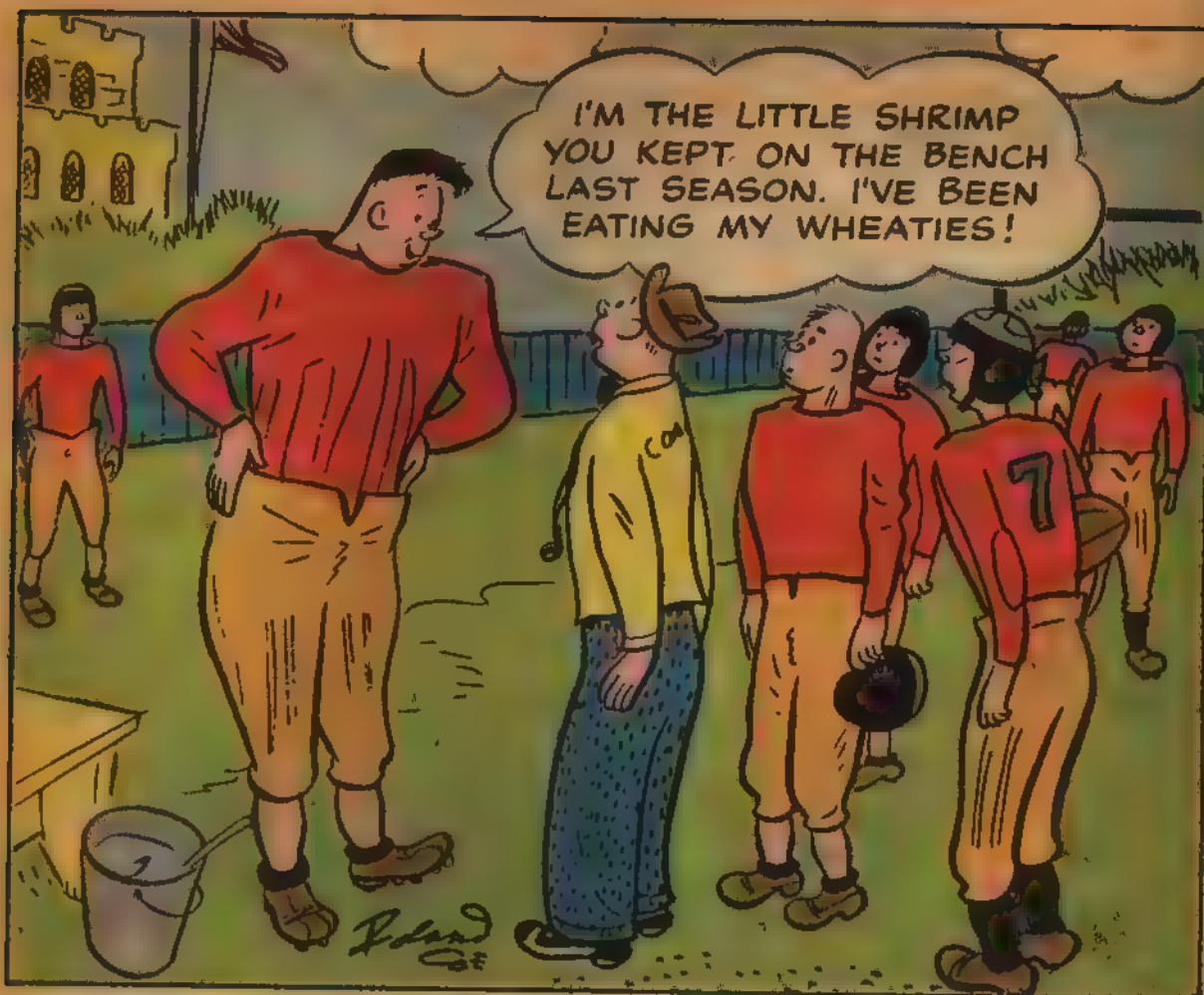












CHAMPION
NOURISHMENT
IN WHEATIES

**"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

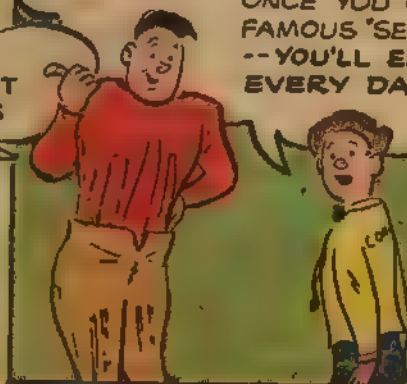
A Product of General Mills, Inc.

BEEN EATING YOUR WHEATIES?

HEFTY NOURISHMENT IN THOSE BIG, CRISP-TOASTED FLAKES. WHOLE GRAIN LEVELS OF TWO ESSENTIAL B VITAMINS, IRON, FOOD ENERGY. THE KIND OF SOLID, SATISFYING EATING THAT MAKES WHEATIES A TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE WITH SO MANY TOP-RANK ATHLETES.

TRY A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

ONCE YOU GET A LOAD OF THAT FAMOUS "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR -- YOU'LL EAT YOUR WHEATIES EVERY DAY.



"Wheaties", and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

The SHINING KNIGHT



THE
Autobiography
OF THE
SHINING
KNIGHT

CHAP. I

*The identity of the
Shining Knight could
not be revealed to
the world because
it would greatly
increase the
danger to the
country. Therefore
the name of
the identity
is not to be
revealed.*

WHEN THAT CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY, THE SHINING KNIGHT, BEGINS TO SET DOWN THE RICH RECORD OF HIS GLAMOROUS SECRET LIFE, HE DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT DANGEROUS RESULTS CAN FOLLOW. FOR HIS GLORIOUS CAREER OF FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE IS MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY HIS POSSESSION OF A HIDDEN IDENTITY AS JUSTIN, ASSISTANT TO PROFESSOR MORESBY, AND WHEN A MEDDLER'S MISTAKE ALMOST MAKES THAT IDENTITY PUBLIC PROPERTY, THE MAN OF YESTERDAY SEEKS DESPERATELY TO RECOVER...

*"THE BOOK
That Couldn't
BE PRINTED!"*

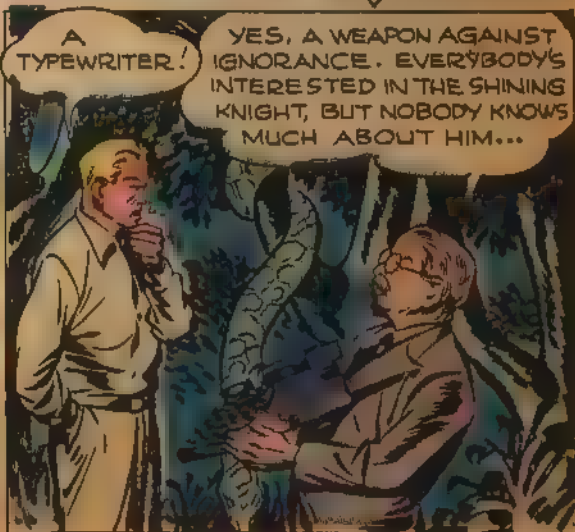
IN THE MUSEUM WHERE JUSTIN, ALIAS THE SHINING KNIGHT, ASSISTS PROFESSOR MORESBY.

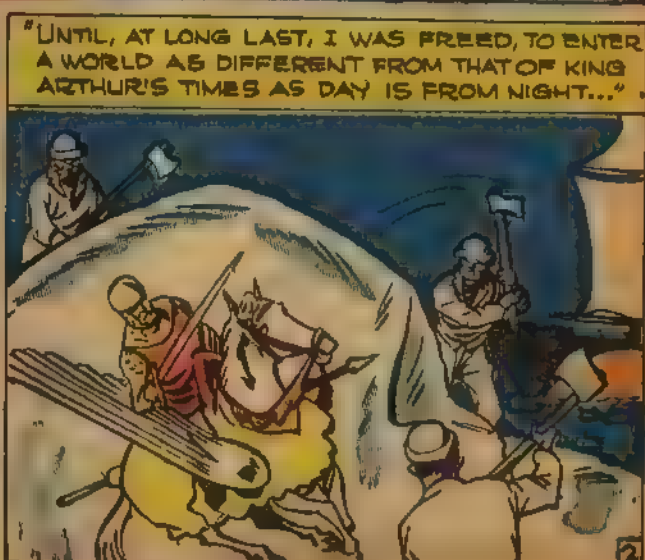
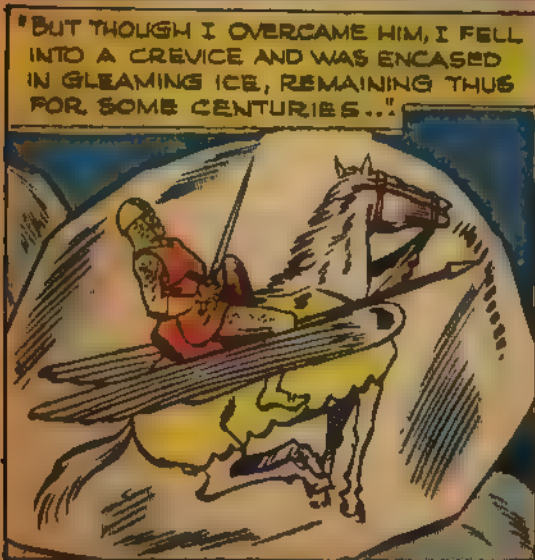
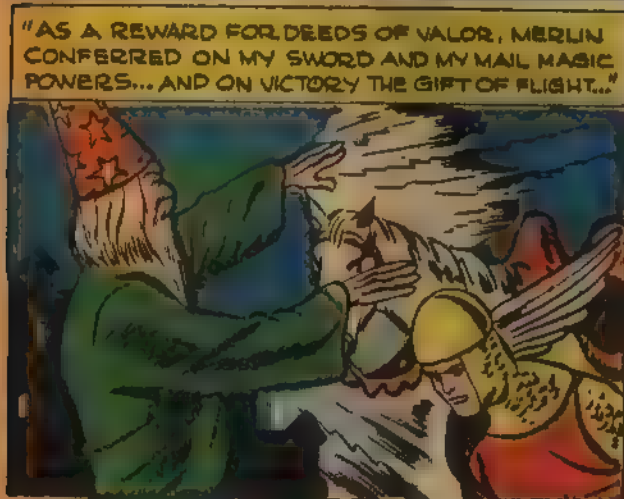
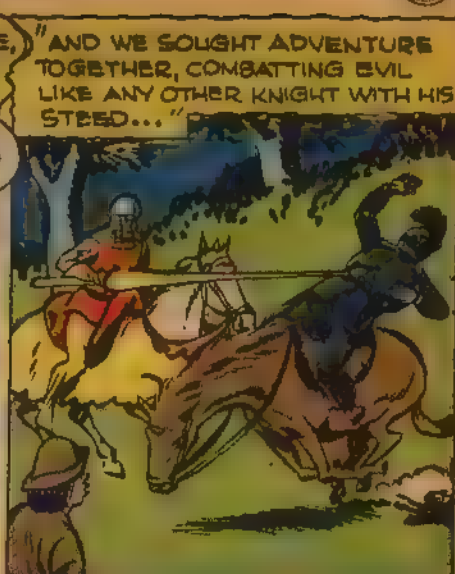
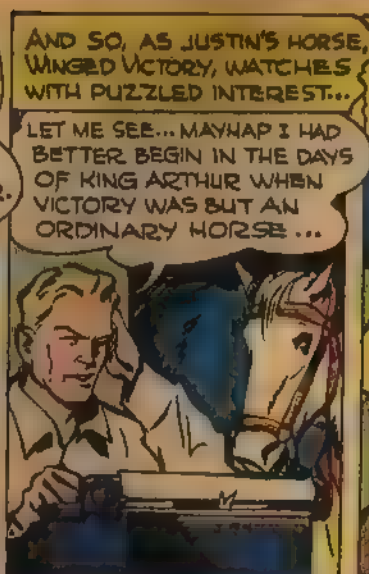
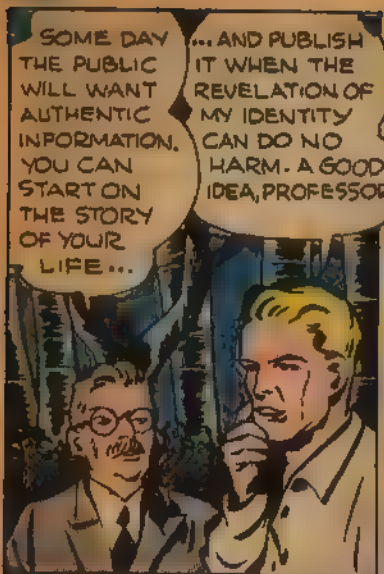
JUSTIN, HERE'S ONE WEAPON YOU'VE NEVER USED BEFORE... TIME YOU LEARNED HOW TO HANDLE IT.

A NEW WEAPON?

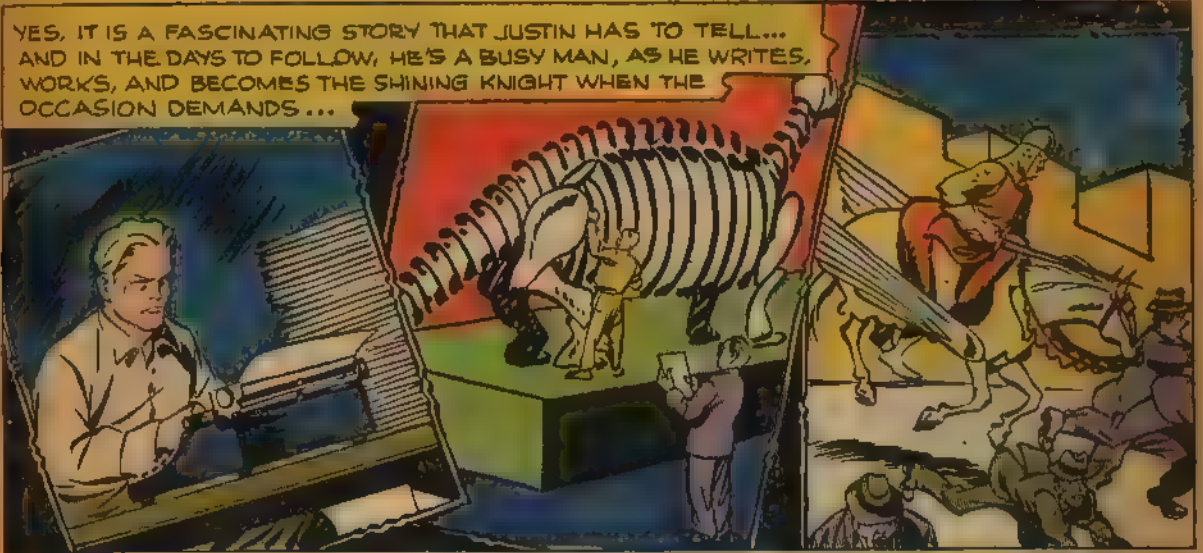
A TYPEWRITER!

YES, A WEAPON AGAINST IGNORANCE. EVERYBODY'S INTERESTED IN THE SHINING KNIGHT, BUT NOBODY KNOWS MUCH ABOUT HIM...





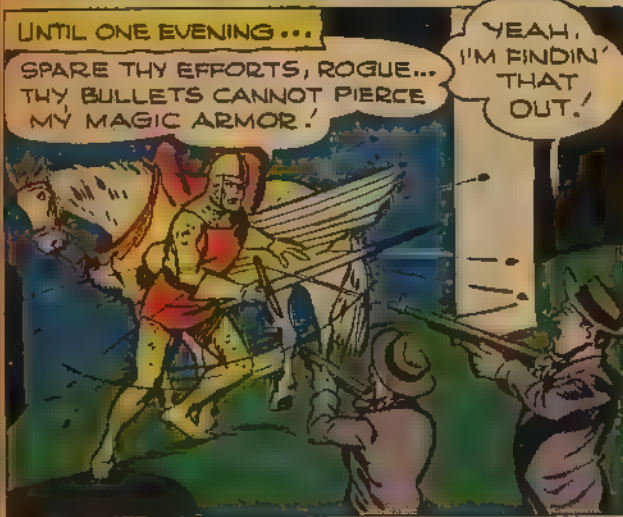
YES, IT IS A FASCINATING STORY THAT JUSTIN HAS TO TELL...
AND IN THE DAYS TO FOLLOW, HE'S A BUSY MAN, AS HE WRITES,
WORKS, AND BECOMES THE SHINING KNIGHT WHEN THE
OCCASION DEMANDS...



UNTIL ONE EVENING...

SPARE THY EFFORTS, ROGUE...
THY BULLETS CANNOT PIERCE
MY MAGIC ARMOR!

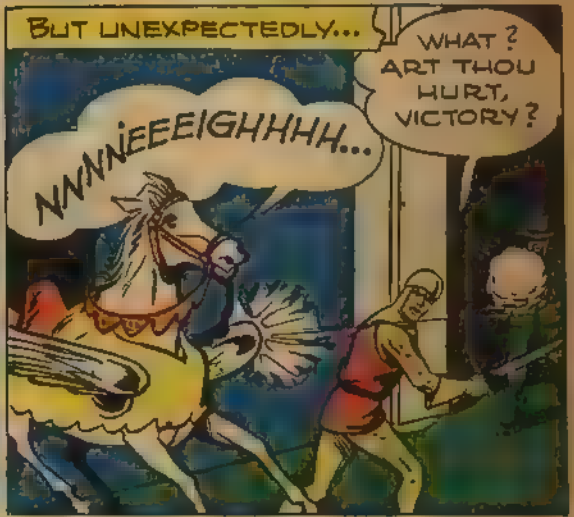
YEAH,
'I'M FINDIN'
THAT
OUT!



BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

WHAT?
ART THOU
HURT,
VICTORY?

NNNNEEEIGHHHH...



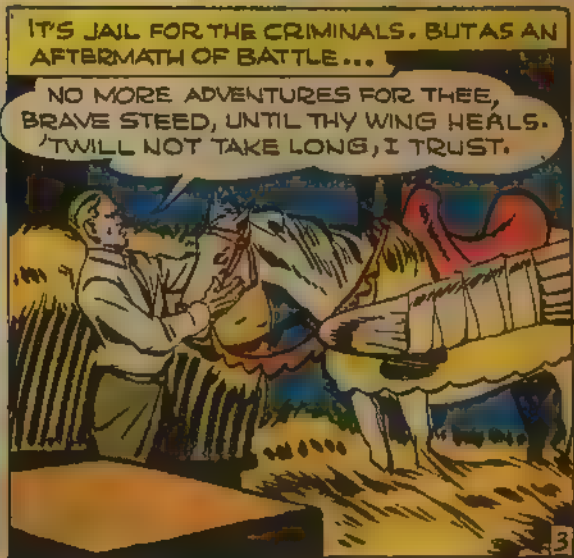
THE VILLAINS
THAT HARMED THEE
WILL RUE THIS DAY!

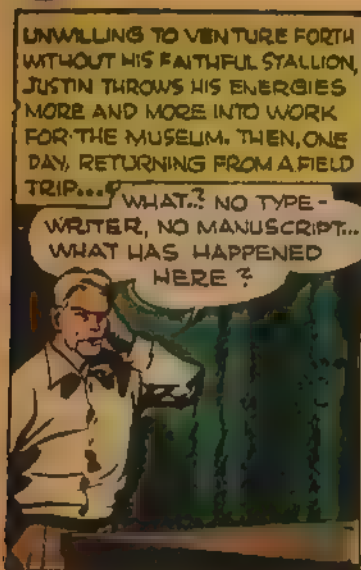
YIIII... CUT IT OUT!
WE WANTED TO
KILL YOU, NOT
THE NAG.



IT'S JAIL FOR THE CRIMINALS. BUT AS AN
AFTERMATH OF BATTLE...

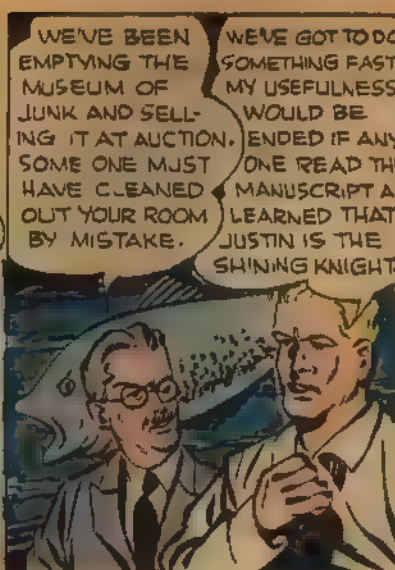
NO MORE ADVENTURES FOR THEE,
BRAVE STEED, UNTIL THY WING HEALS.
'T WILL NOT TAKE LONG, I TRUST.





UNWILLING TO VENTURE FORTH WITHOUT HIS FAITHFUL STALLION, JUSTIN THROWS HIS ENERGIES MORE AND MORE INTO WORK FOR THE MUSEUM. THEN, ONE DAY, RETURNING FROM A FIELD TRIP...

WHAT? NO TYPE-WRITER, NO MANUSCRIPT... WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?

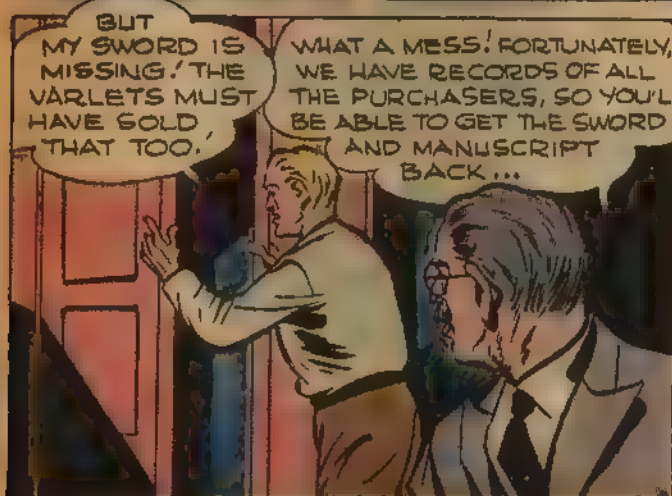


WE'VE BEEN EMPTYING THE MUSEUM OF JUNK AND SELLING IT AT AUCTION. SOME ONE MUST HAVE CLEANED OUT YOUR ROOM BY MISTAKE.

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST! MY USEFULNESS WOULD BE ENDED IF ANY-ONE READ THE MANUSCRIPT AND LEARNED THAT JUSTIN IS THE SHINING KNIGHT.

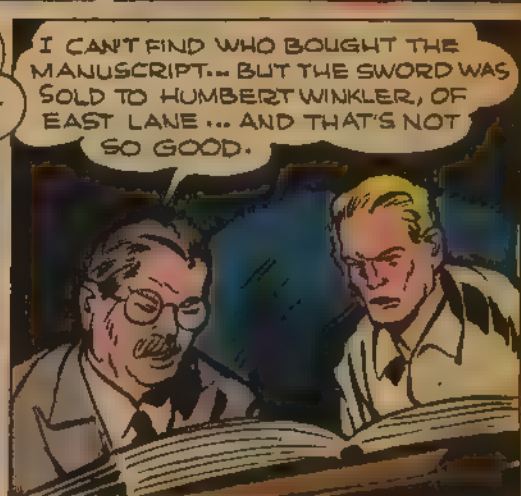


A GOOD THING THE GUIDES LEFT MY ARMOR... I'LL CHANGE INTO COSTUME.

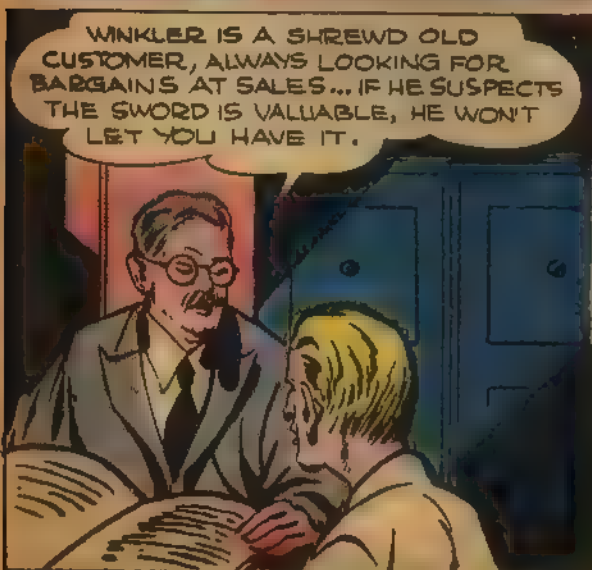


BUT MY SWORD IS MISSING! THE VARLETS MUST HAVE SOLD THAT TOO.

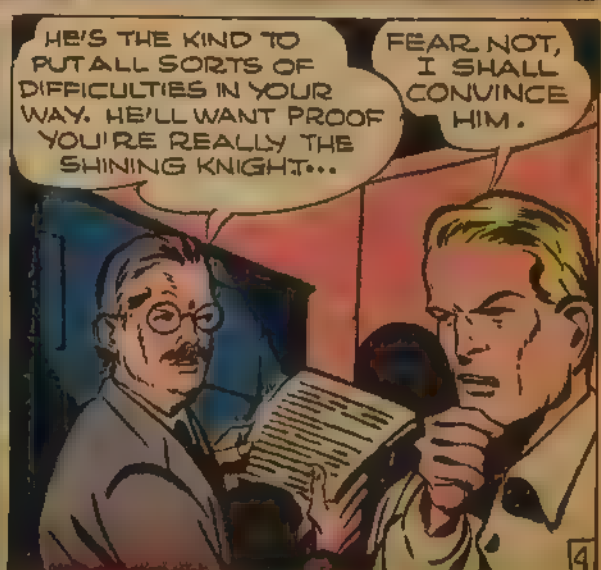
WHAT A MESS! FORTUNATELY, WE HAVE RECORDS OF ALL THE PURCHASERS, SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET THE SWORD AND MANUSCRIPT BACK...



I CAN'T FIND WHO BOUGHT THE MANUSCRIPT... BUT THE SWORD WAS SOLD TO HUMBERT WINKLER, OF EAST LANE ... AND THAT'S NOT SO GOOD.

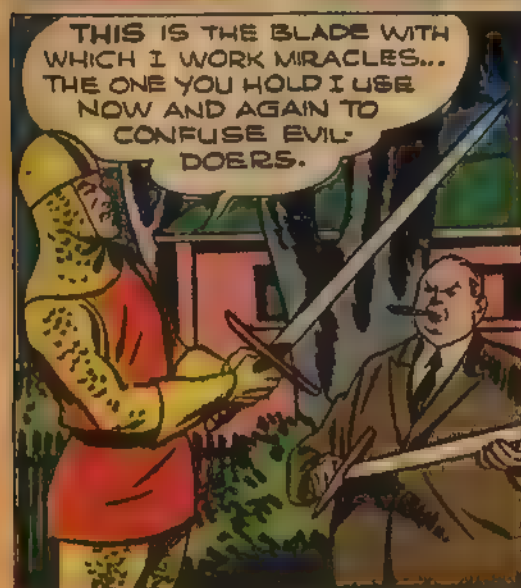
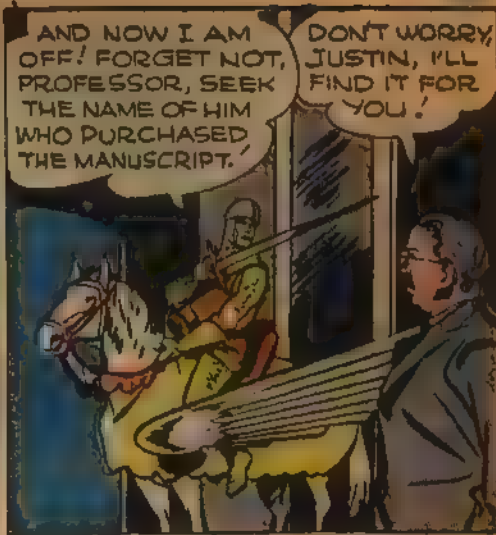


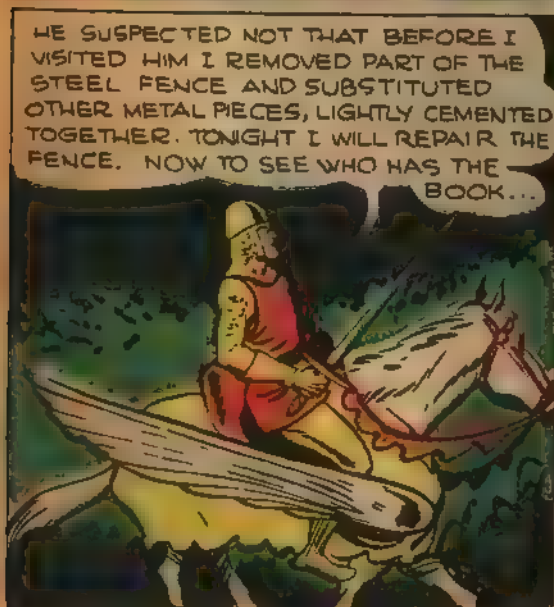
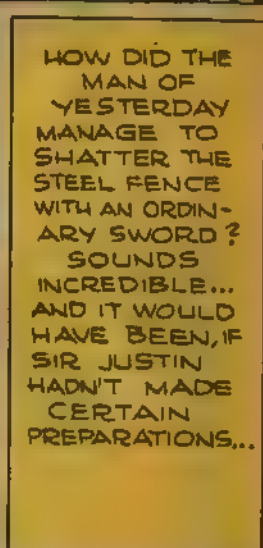
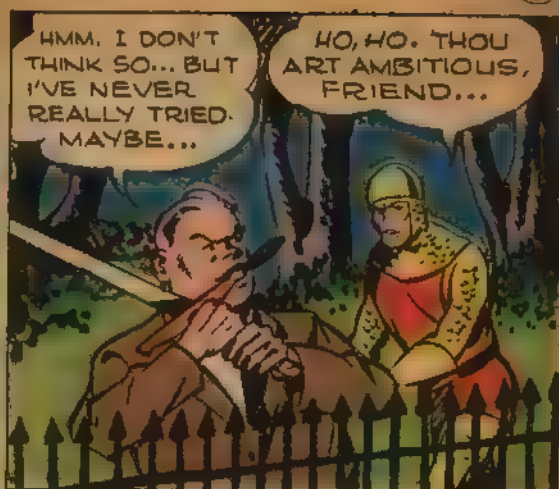
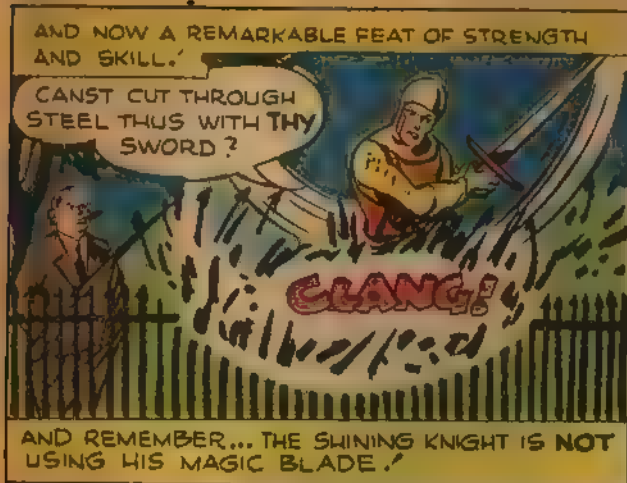
WINKLER IS A SHREWD OLD CUSTOMER, ALWAYS LOOKING FOR BARGAINS AT SALES... IF HE SUSPECTS THE SWORD IS VALUABLE, HE WON'T LET YOU HAVE IT.



HE'S THE KIND TO PUT ALL SORTS OF DIFFICULTIES IN YOUR WAY. HE'LL WANT PROOF YOU'RE REALLY THE SHINING KNIGHT...

FEAR NOT, I SHALL CONVINCE HIM.







PROFESSOR MORESBY?
THOU SAYEST THE PURCHASER
OF THE MANUSCRIPT IS
NOLAN, THE PUBLISHER?
I SHALL SEEK HIM
WITHOUT DELAY.

AS A STARTLED PUBLISHER LOOKS UP, SIR
JUSTIN MAKES AN IMPRESSIVE ENTRY...

THE SHINING
KNIGHT, ON
VICTORY!

AH, HE DOES NOT
DOUBT THE NATURE
OF MY STEED!

HE CANNOT SEE THESE
WIRES WITH THE SUN IN HIS
EYES. BUT I MUST END ALL
DANGER OF HIS DISCOVERING
THEM.

NOW, FRIEND
NOLAN, THOU
HAST, THROUGH
THE ERROR, A
MANUSCRIPT,
OF MINE...

YES, I'VE
READ THE
FIRST
CHAPTER
AND IT'S VERY
INTERESTING
I'LL GIVE YOU
\$10,000 FOR
ALL RIGHTS,
KNIGHT.

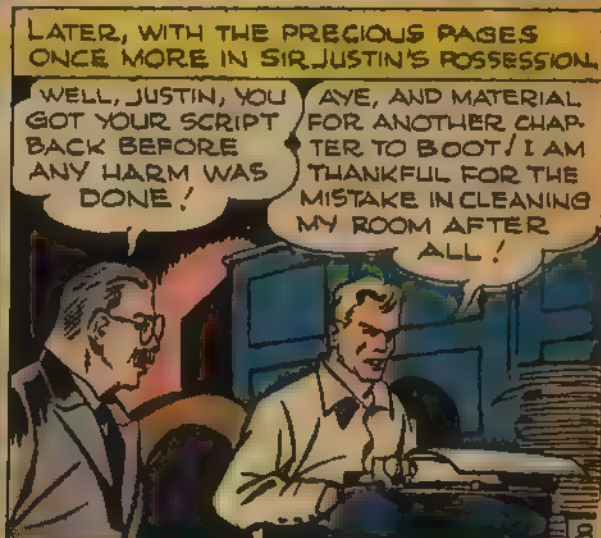
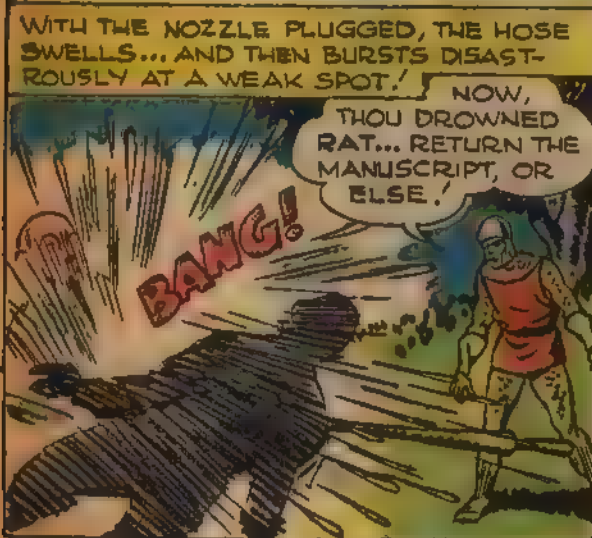
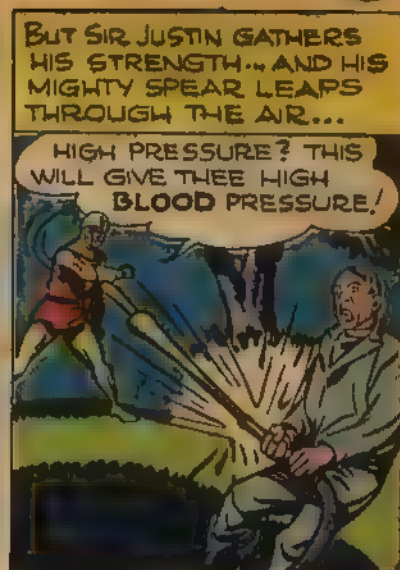
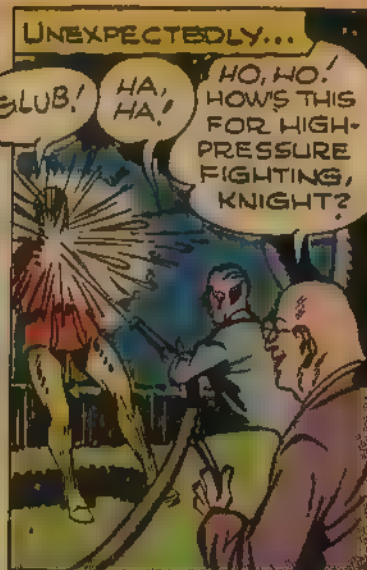
NAY, THE FIRST CHAPTER
CAN DO NO HARM, BUT THE
OTHERS CONTAIN SECRETS
THAT MAY NOT YET BE
REVEALED, THOU
SHALT HAVE WHAT
THOU PAID, BUT
NOW...

HEY,
LEAVE
THAT
SCRIPT
ALONE!

GET A COURT ORDER IF YOU
WANT IT BACK... MEANWHILE
I'M GOING TO READ THE REST
OF IT! ALPHONSE, JAMES,
GILBERT... HELP!

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL
TAKE CARE OF THIS
TRESPASSER,
MR. NOLAN.

I SEE I MUST
TEACH THESE
CHURLS A
LESSON.



10¢

BLONDIE

AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE!

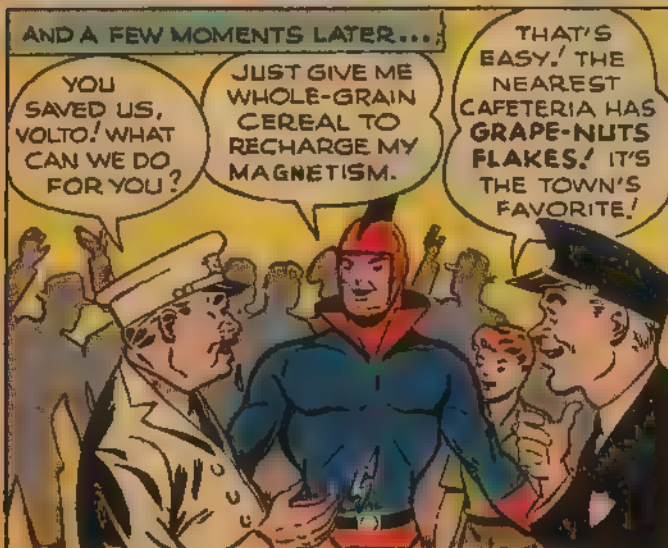
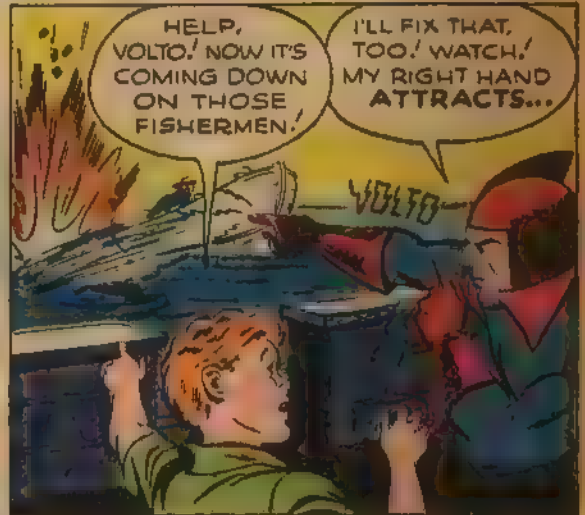
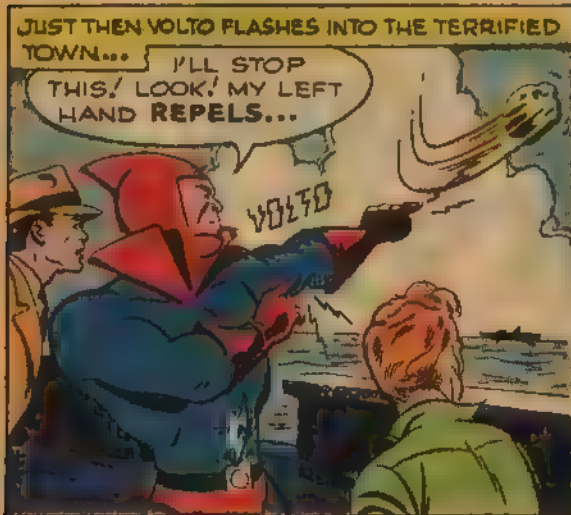
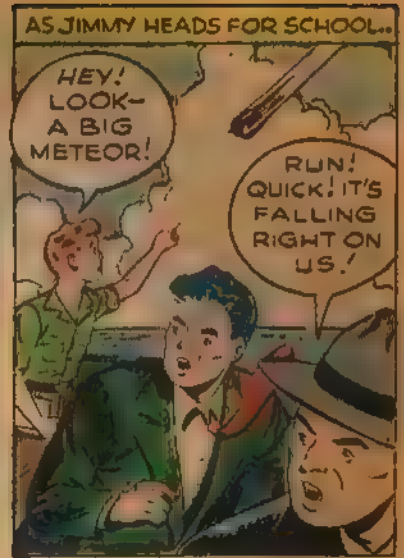
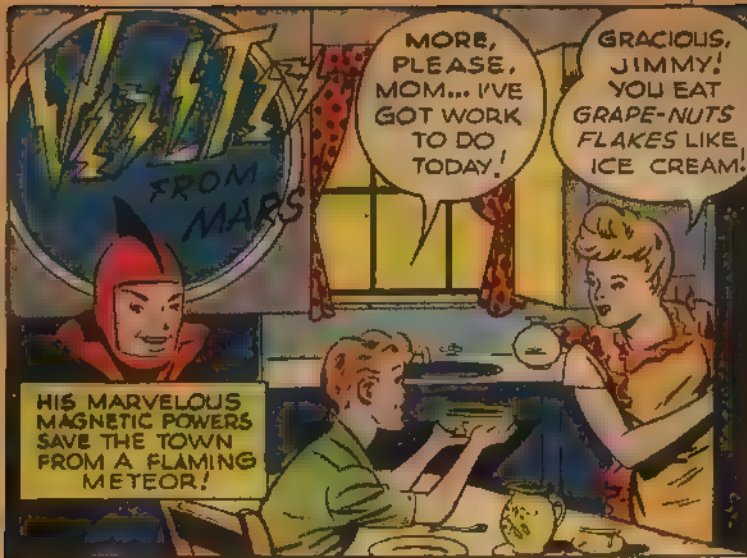
10¢

POPEYE

AND HIS GANG TO LIFE!

THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

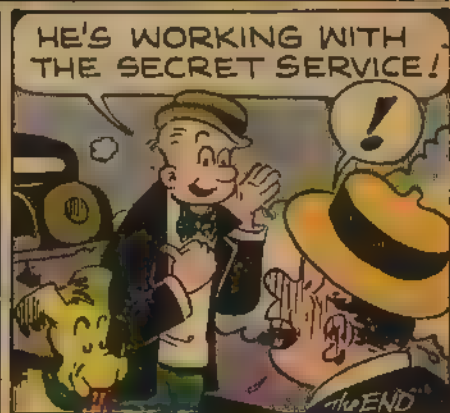
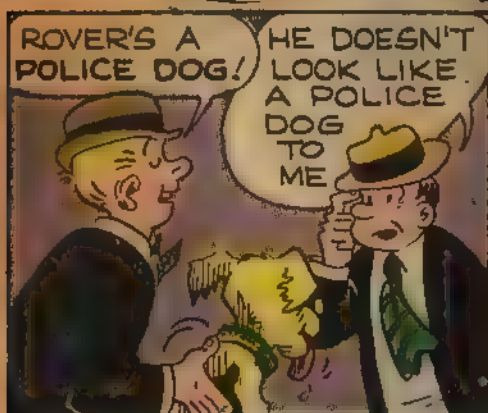
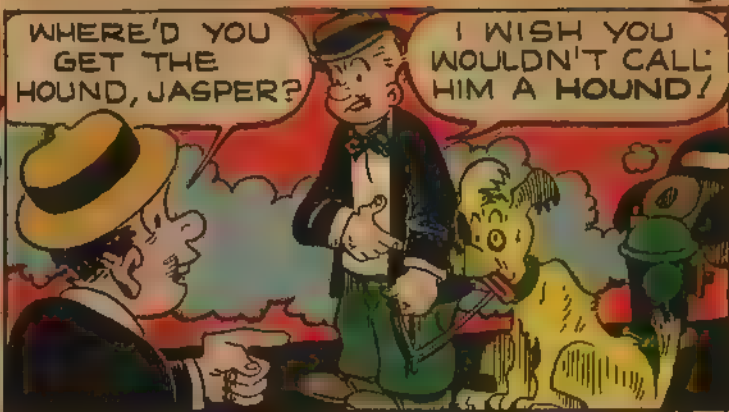
ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10¢



TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**, BLUE NETWORK STATIONS, 4-45 MON. THRU FRI.

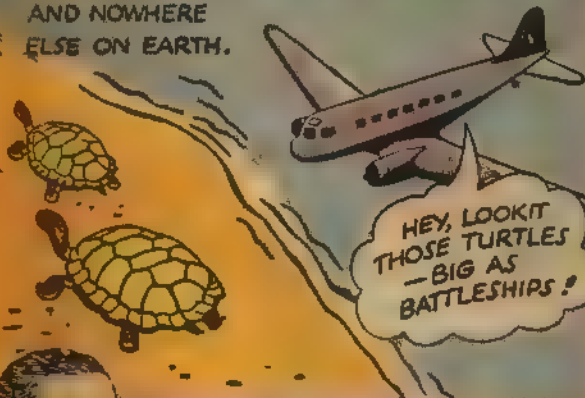


JASPER



HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NOBODY KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE GIANT TURTLES OF THE GALAPAGOS ... WHY THEY ARE FOUND ON THIS ISLAND, AND NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH.



EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE SWELL FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS.



SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

by Newton Lane

THEY had a little celebration the night the patrol came back and reported a successful operation. This was in the early days of the New Guinea campaign. You really couldn't blame the boys for feeling good, either. Luck had walked right into their hands. During operations they ran into a Jap patrol, and wiped it out completely. Everyone had gotten his Jap.

All except Henry Daniel Boone Jones—Kentuck to you. It might not have been so bad, if this was the first time it had happened to Kentuck. But it wasn't. Here he'd been right on the battle line some six months now, and hadn't gotten his first Japanese.

Naturally, there was a lot of good-natured kidding he had to take from the rest of the boys. He knew they didn't mean it, that they were fond of him, and recognized tough breaks, but he felt pretty badly just the same.

Sitting there that night, he felt awful about the whole thing. He tried to get into the spirit of the informal little party. There were a couple of bottles of *Saki* the boys had snagged. Just enough for a sip apiece. Kentuck just couldn't drink his.

It was Sarge Muldoon who noticed it. He went over, slapped Kentuck on the back. "Come on, Kentuck, snap out of it. You'll get your Jap yet."

"The only thing I'll get out of this war," Kentuck responded gloomily, "is my honorable discharge when the thing is over." He shook his head. He held up the rifle which he always kept close to him. "The only time I hit anything with this was at

target practice back on Parris Island." He was thinking, too, that Muldoon had five Japs to his credit already.

Corporal Peabody was watching Kentuck closely. Being a Kentucky lad himself, he knew the moods. And he was the only man in the platoon who really understood Kentuck. Without addressing Kentuck, but pointing his statement at Willie Ryan, a kid from Brooklyn, he said:

"You know, Willie, the way you keep talking about Brooklyn, a guy would imagine it's paradise. But brother, you've never seen Paradise until you've been in the hills of Kentucky."

Just as Peabody knew he would, Willie flared up.

"What've you got in Kentucky that we ain't got more of in Brooklyn?" he bristled.

Peabody's answer was soft and low, like a soft summer breeze over his beloved hills. "Birds," he said, "lots of them. And when they sing at night, you just close your eyes and feel like you're drifting on a cloud."

Willie sneered. "Yeah?" he said loftily. "We got boids in Brooklyn, and what's more, we got pigeons. They're all over the place. But we don't need no boids to sing us to sleep. Brooklyn is so peaceful, we just drift off grateful-like." He shrugged. "Ha, don't talk to me about boids."

Out of the corner of his eye, Peabody watched Kentuck. Now he saw the latter's lips purse, and light came into Kentuck's eyes. The boys knew what Peabody was getting at, and now they sat back.

Without saying a word, Ken-

tuck started. He had a wonderful ear for mimicry, and you could almost be lulled to sleep as he went through his repertoire, giving imitations of a meadow lark, a house wren, a goldfinch, a barn swallow, a flicker, a blue jay, a bobolink, a robin. It was just like being back in the States again.

So there they sat, men from the forty-eight states, each with his own thoughts as Kentuck reproduced familiar bird-songs that evoked familiar scenes. There wasn't a peep from anyone when he finished. Peabody finally said, "Say, that's swell, Kentuck. Guess that takes care of this Yankee."

Willie grinned. "Never hold so many boids in me life, Kentuck." Then loyally, "But we still got plenty boids in Brooklyn, sea gulls, too."

The laugh that followed pulled Kentuck out of his doldrums, and he joined in the party. He stayed happy, too, until he noticed Lieutenant Manson coming along, saw the expression on his face. "Here's trouble, Sarge," he said. "Something's up."

It wasn't too bad. Intelligence, the Lieutenant said, had learned that the Japs, desperate at being pushed closer and closer to the sea, had been trying infiltration tactics all along the line.

"I've explained to you men the tricks they'll try," he said, "so I won't go over them again. But you never know what new ones they'll pull, that's why I want the men on sentry duty to be careful. Shoot first and ask questions later."

Willie guffawed. "No Japs'll try to get into here, Lieutenant," he said good-naturedly. "They know

Kentuck is here waiting to get a shot at them."

The Lieutenant grinned back, winked at Kentuck. "Don't let it get you down, Kentuck. Your chance will come."

"Yes, sir," said Kentuck. "Only I think it's already gone. If I was in the middle of Tokyo, with a Tommy-gun, right on the Ginza, there'd be something happen so I wouldn't get a Jap."

Manson laughed. "Just be sure they don't get you first."

The party broke up a half hour later, and Muldoon posted the sentries. Kentuck was one of them, and as luck would have it, his was the outpost, on the edge of a jungle. Mournfully, he patrolled his post.

"Guess Willie was right," he muttered. "Those Japs will try to get through every place on the line except where I'm posted." He sighed, peered into the darkness, but could see nothing but sombre shadows.

It was a warm night, with a threat of rain. The moon, if it came up at all, wouldn't rise for a couple of more hours. There was nothing to see, but a guy had to be on the alert, just the same. The jungle was peopled with a thousand noises, and a good Marine had to learn to see with his ears.

Time passed more quickly that way, too. So Kentuck stood there, his sharp ears attuned to the various sounds, trying to identify them. He wished he knew more about the birds, too. Almost inaudibly, he imitated their calls. There was one in particular which attracted him.

Patently, he worked over the sound, until he was sure that he had it. Then, without realizing, he gave the call, a sharp, piercing whistle. Immediately he had done so, he clapped his hand over his

mouth, in censure. Then he took it away.

"Gosh, I darn near woke the fellows up," he muttered. "I better be careful."

He was sure of it a moment later, when Muldoon's bulk loomed up from the shadows. He had been inspecting the posts. "Hey, Kentuck, cut out that whistling. You almost had me jumping six feet."

"Sorry, Sarge. Guess I was just took by those birds. Listen to 'em, out there." He sighed. "Ain't it purty?"

"Yeah—they'll keep me awake the rest of the night," Muldoon grumbled. "But don't you help them."

"Okay." Kentuck resumed his vigil as Muldoon passed along to finish the inspection and hit his sack.

Still intrigued by the birds, who now seemed fully awake, Kentuck stood enthralled. It was just like being home, he told himself, only of course these birds were different. This was an alien cry, one familiar only to him since he'd landed on New Guinea.

Suddenly, he started. A new cry had injected itself into the symphony. Kentuck strained his ears, then shook his head. "I'm hearing things," he said. "I shouldn't be thinking so much of the States." He started to patrol, then stopped. This time his whole body stiffened.

It was a familiar cry, this one he had heard. He looked around, wondering if Muldoon would be back. Then he did just what Muldoon had told him not to do.

Softly, at first, then louder, he gave his bird call.

Tensely, he waited. Waited for less than a minute, but it seemed centuries. To his right, he heard Muldoon coming back.

Kentuck smiled, moved for-

ward, out of Muldoon's direction. He whistled again as he stepped into the jungle. Once more the call came.

And now he could hear Muldoon's hoarse whisper.

"Kentuck."

But he didn't answer. For suddenly he saw the forms slipping along through the undergrowth.

Kentuck's Tommy gun blazed. Screams filled the night air, but Kentuck didn't hear them. For now he was sweeping the area with machine-gun fire, spewing death with every step he took.

Lights suddenly blazed behind him, as the platoon woke up and took a hand. The acrid smell of cordite stung Kentuck's nostrils, his eyes smarted from the smoke of battle.

But he continued to wade in. There was no question now what had been happening. Using bird calls as signals, the Japs had tried to infiltrate.

The fight was all over. There were only three survivors and Kentuck had one of them. He whistled when he realized he had gotten a Captain.

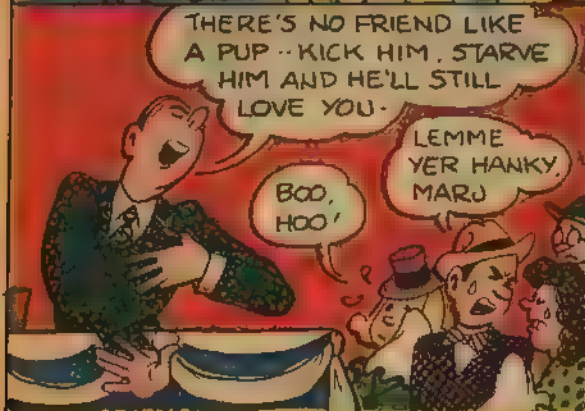
The Intelligence officers had Kentuck and Muldoon in the tent when they questioned the Jap. They knew him, too. "He used to be in vaudeville, back in the States," Intelligence said. "Did an act imitating bird calls. We've been after him for some time."

The Jap looked glum as the Intelligence officer said, "You can speak English now. We know you can." The Intelligence officer grinned, spoke to Kentuck. "How'd you manage to know they were trying to get in."

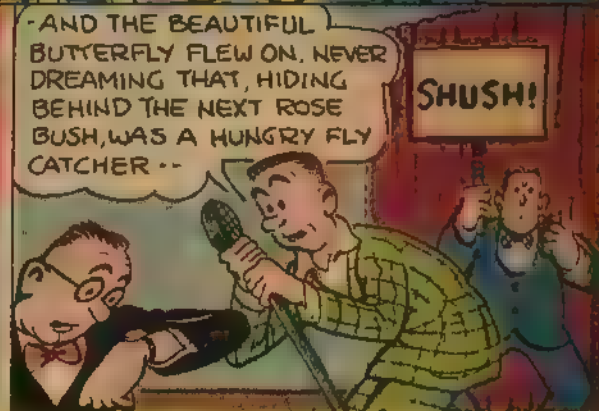
Kentuck grinned back. "There ain't no western meadow larks in this part of the world," he said. He looked at the discomfited Jap. "You should have thought of that," he said.



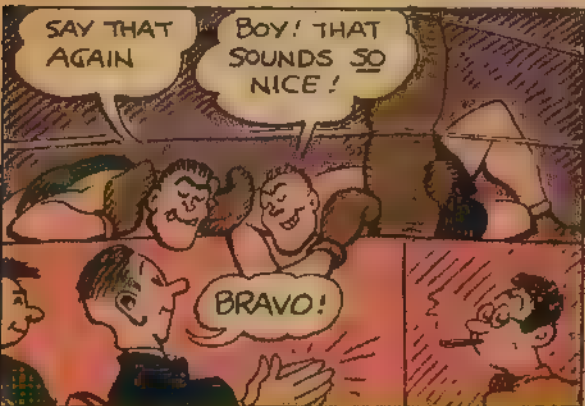
KAFLOPPOS



JONNY O'RALLY HAD THE GIFT OF GAB AND A VOICE AS SWEET AS A SUMMER RESORT DINNER BELL.



WHEN HE WAS ON THE AIR HIS LISTENERS HARDLY BREATHED - THE AIR WAVES CEASED FLUTTERING.



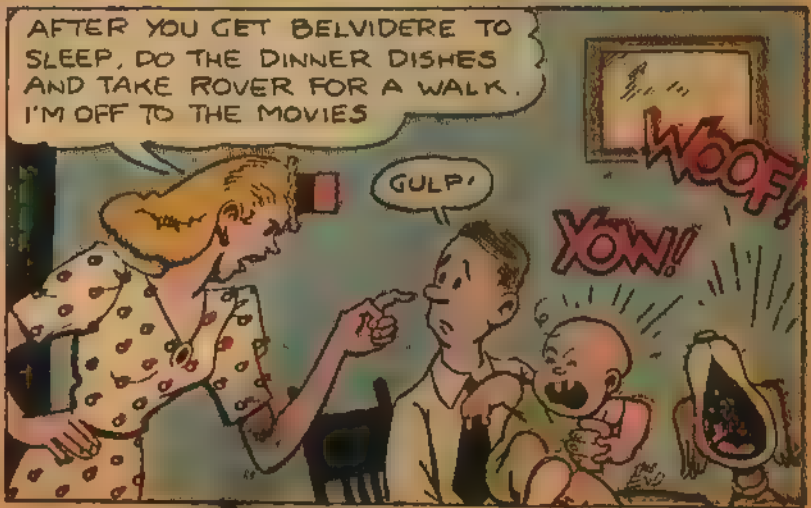
JUST ONE WORD FROM HIM AND LIKE MAGIC, HE COULD STOP A BATTLE OF THE CENTURY.



HIS VOICE HAD A PERSUASIVE QUALITY. YOU COULDN'T RESIST IT. HIS TALKIE MADE THE GHOST WALKIE.

BUT GOSH!

AT HOME, HE WAS JUST A DUMB KAFLOPPO. HE ONLY USED HIS VOICE TO GROAN.



STARMAN

WHEN A RASH OF SPOTS BREAKS OUT OVER THE SUN'S SMILING FACE, A LEARNED PROFESSOR PREDICTS THAT A RASH OF CRIMES IS DUE ON EARTH! BUT THOUGH THE POLICE SPOT THE CRIMES, STARMAN IS PUZZLED WHEN HE CAN'T SPOT THE SPOTS! WHICH MEANS THAT SOME STELLAR INVESTIGATION IS NEEDED... LEADING THROUGH UNUSUAL DANGER TO THE DISCOVERY OF...

"The SUN-SPOT SCOUNDREL!"

HEADLINES TELL THE STORY...

STAR
BURGLARY WAVE
HITS SUBURBS.

Chronicle
POLICE SAY CRIMES
WORK OF AMATEUR.

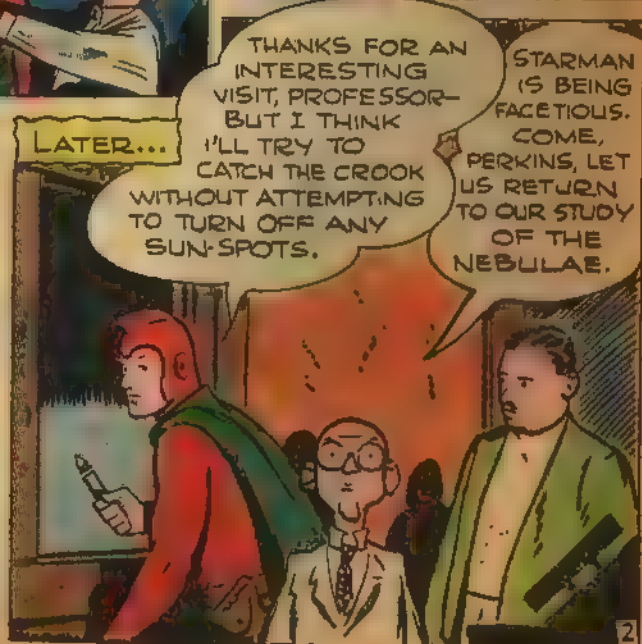
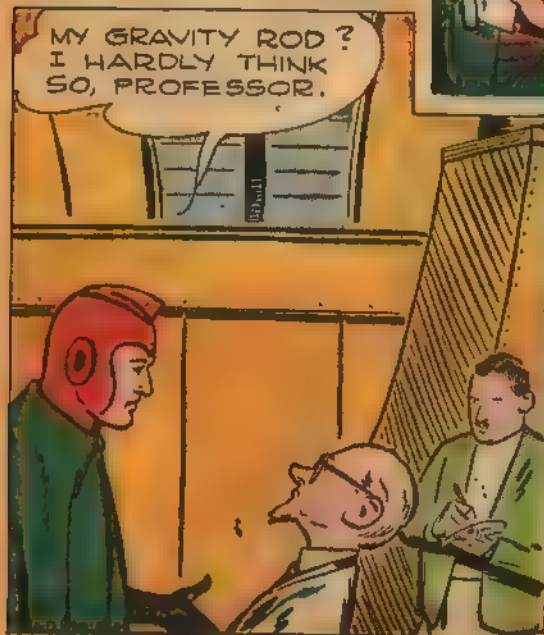
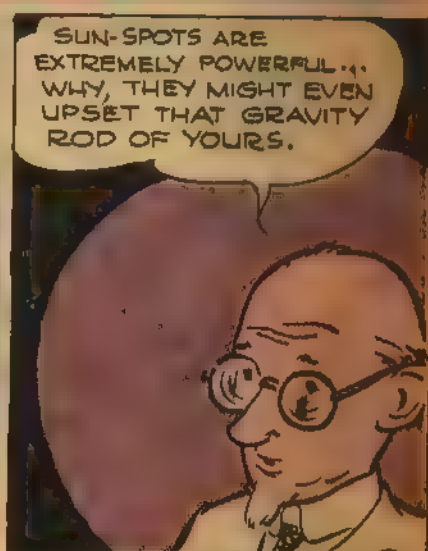
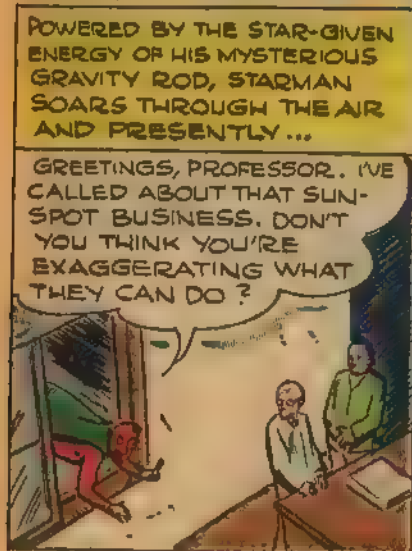
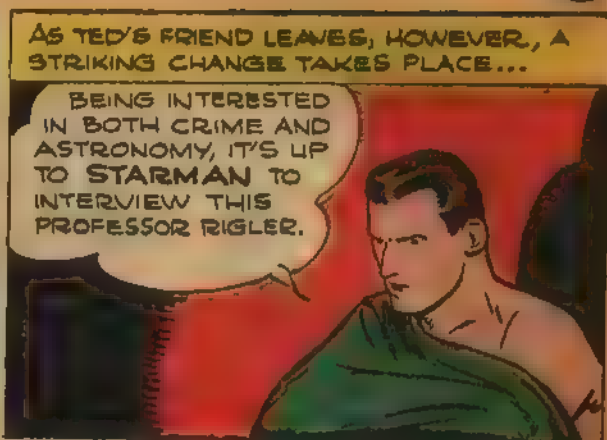
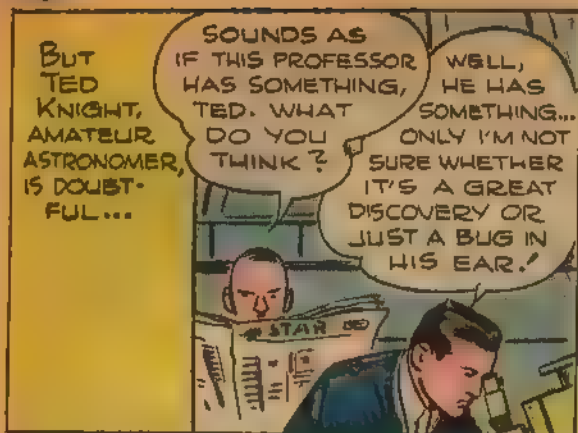
THIEF GETS
VALUABLE
LOOT.

...AND
PROFESSOR
RIGLER
HITS THE
FRONT
PAGE
WITH A
THEORY...



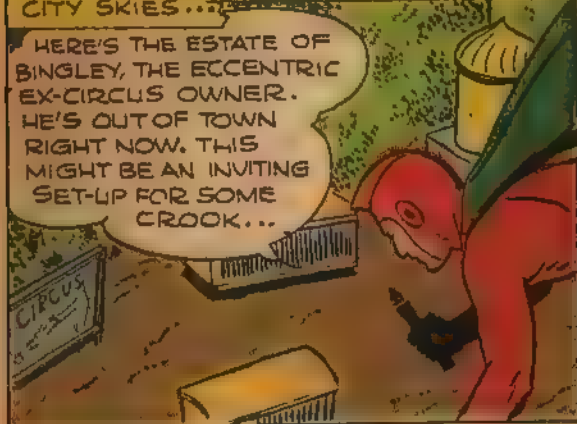
PROFESSOR CLAIMS
CRIME WAVE CAUSED
BY SUN-SPOTS.



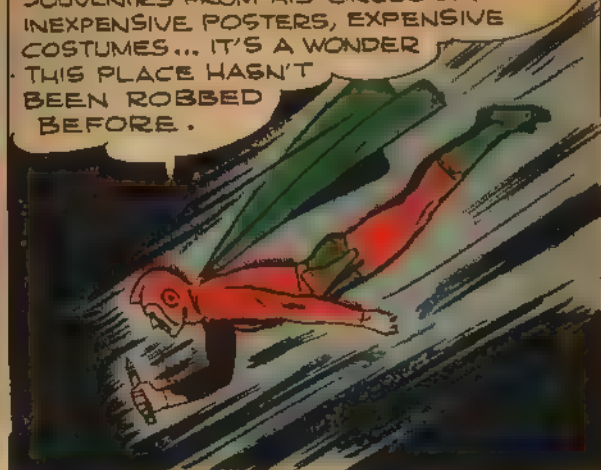


AS THE ASTRAL AVENGER PATROLS THE CITY SKIES...

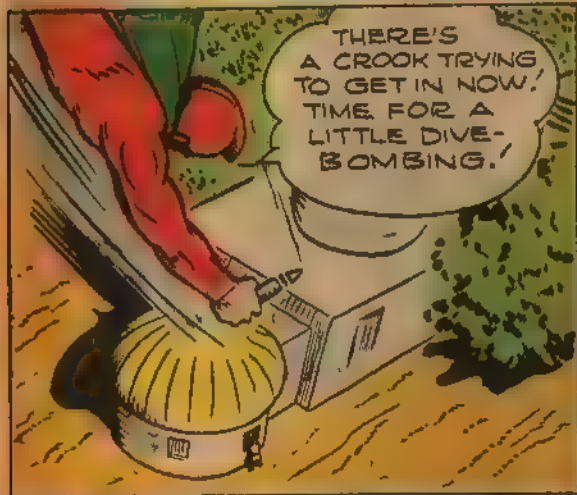
HERE'S THE ESTATE OF BINGLEY, THE ECCENTRIC EX-CIRCUS OWNER. HE'S OUT OF TOWN RIGHT NOW. THIS MIGHT BE AN INVITING SET-UP FOR SOME CROOK...



BINGLEY KEEPS ALL SORTS OF STRANGE SOUVENIRS FROM HIS CIRCUS DAYS... INEXPENSIVE POSTERS, EXPENSIVE COSTUMES... IT'S A WONDER THIS PLACE HASN'T BEEN ROBBED BEFORE.

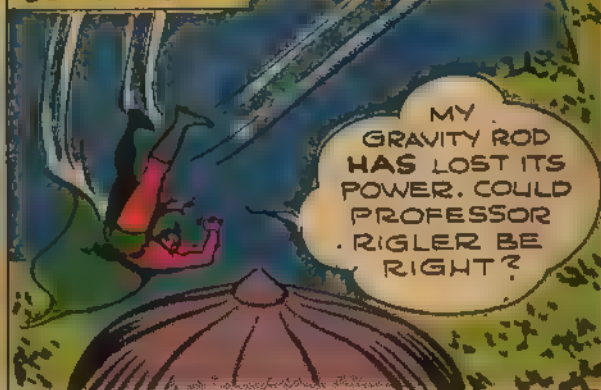


THERE'S A CROOK TRYING TO GET IN NOW. TIME FOR A LITTLE DIVE-BOMBING.



BUT AS THE ASTRAL AVALANCHE ARROWS DOWNWARD...

MY GRAVITY ROD HAS LOST ITS POWER. COULD PROFESSOR RIGLER BE RIGHT?



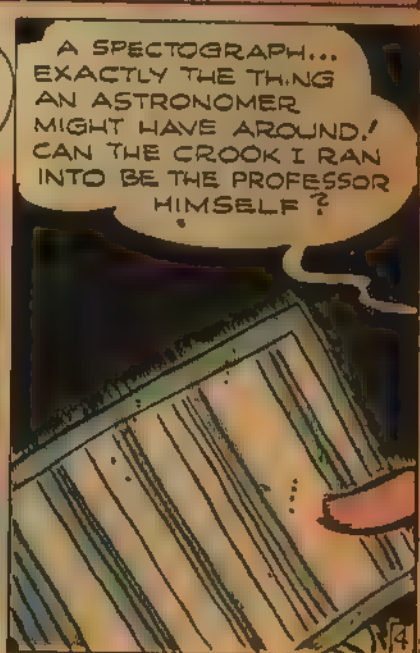
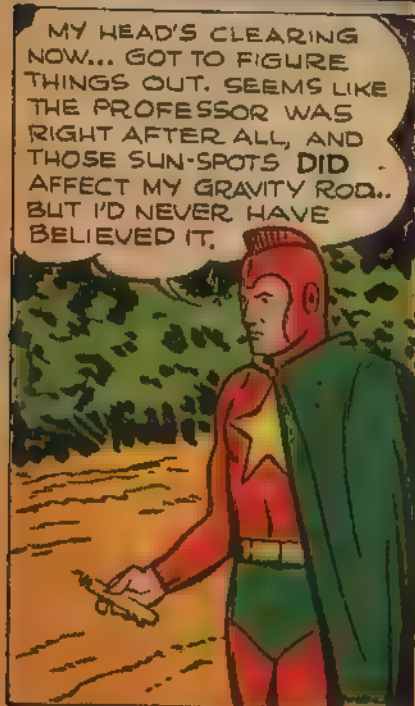
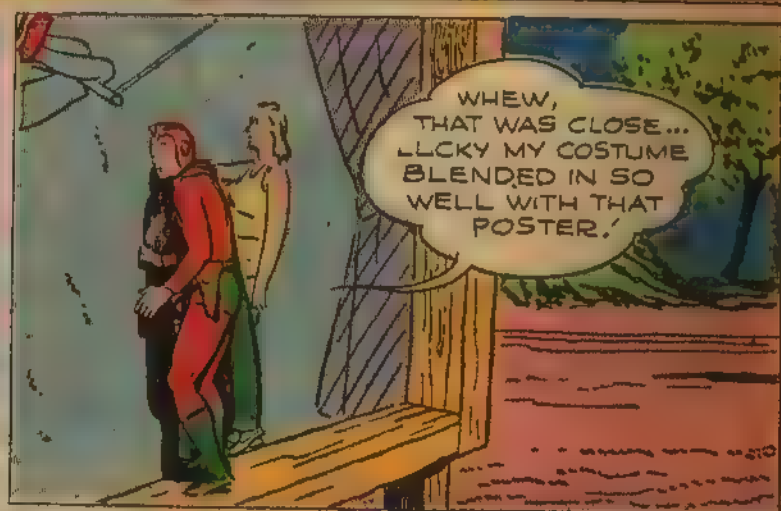
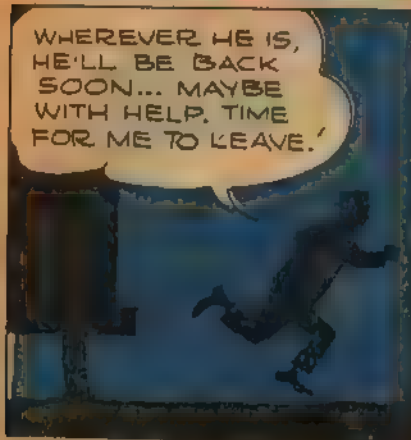
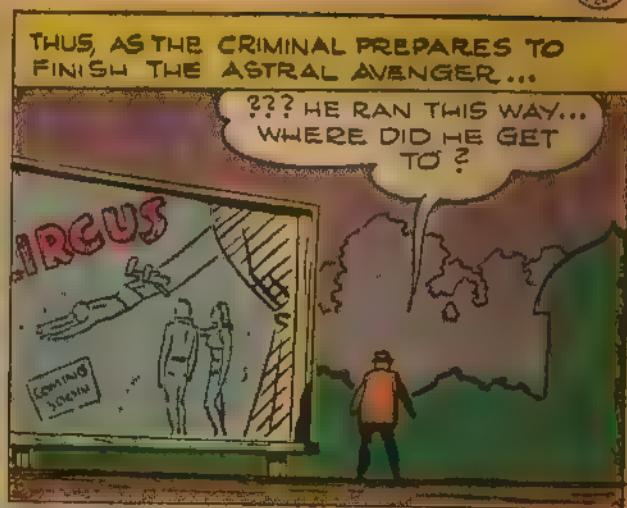
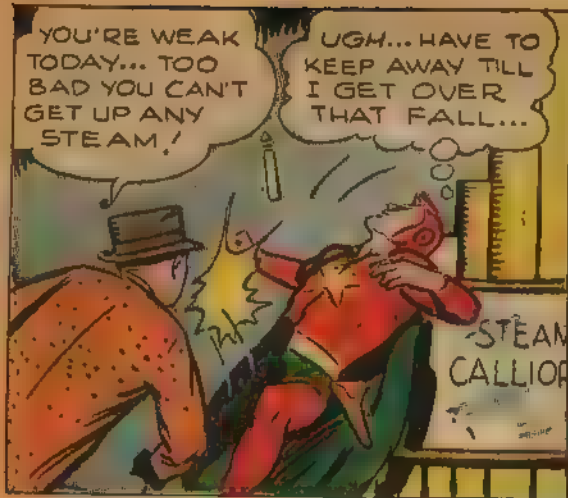
OWW, WHAT A BUMP. LUCKY THESE SIDES SLOPE...

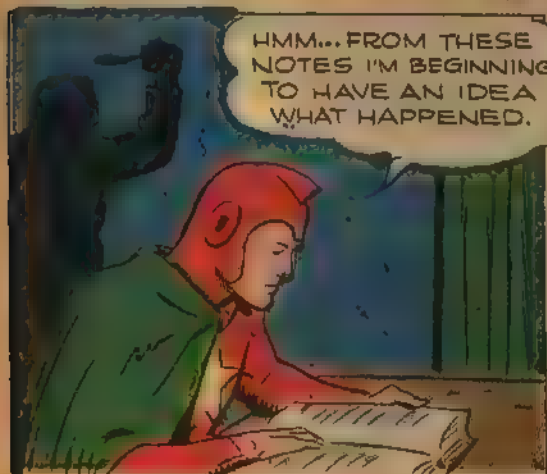
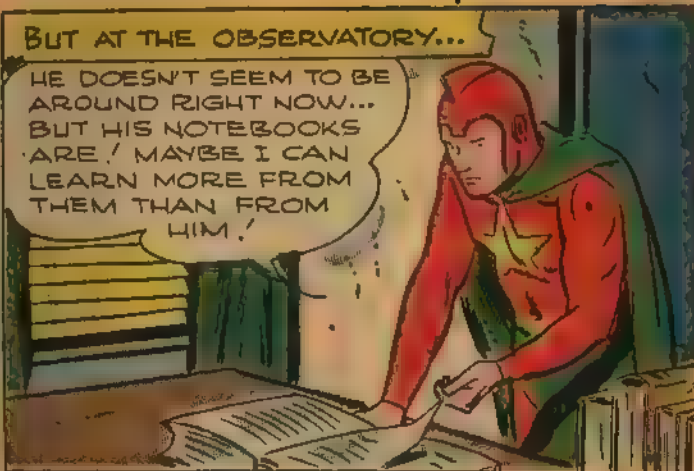


STARMAN!

ARGH... CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT... BUT MUST GET HIM... MAYBE HE'S THE ROBBER THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR...







SOON, IN A SPECIAL HIGH-VACUUM RESEARCH CHAMBER...

NO AIR TO BREATHE IN THERE, STARMAN... FIVE MINUTES AND YOU'LL BE A DEAD MAN! SO, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING BACK TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED!

GOT TO HOLD MY BREATH AND THINK FAST!

LOOKS LIKE A THERMOSTAT... AND THE TEMPERATURE HERE IS FAIRLY LOW... IF I WARM IT UP...

THIS OUGHT TO DO IT... MY BREATH MUST BE ABOUT 30° ABOVE ROOM TEMPERATURE...



THE SENSITIVE DEVICE WARMS UP... AND A SUDDEN CLAMOR FILLS THE AIR!

RRRRINNGG!

AHH, AS I EXPECTED... AN ALARM BELL!

STARMAN? SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE TEMPERATURE CONTROL, AND THE ALARM BELL WARNED ME... BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

J-JUST LET ME CATCH MY BREATH!

A HURRIED EXPLANATION, AND THEN...

IF SUN-SPOTS WEREN'T RESPONSIBLE, THIS RADIATION MIGHT HAVE BEEN USED TO AFFECT YOUR GRAVITY ROD. BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE...

I CAN, AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT. FIRST, HOWEVER, I'VE GOT TO RECHARGE THE GRAVITY ROD WITH STAR ENERGY...

THEN, SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

HE TOLD ME HE'D BE BACK TO COMPLETE THE JOB HE STARTED BEFORE. WELL, SO AM I.

STARMAN AGAIN! I THOUGHT YOU WERE...

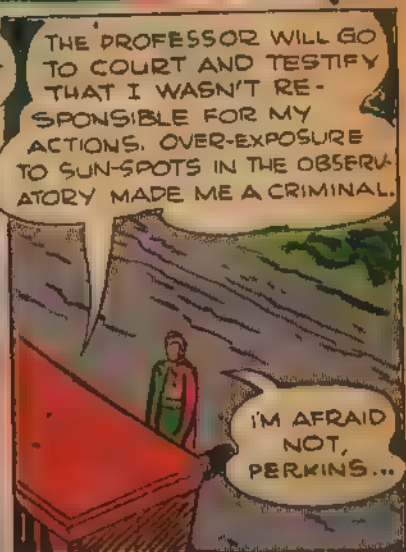
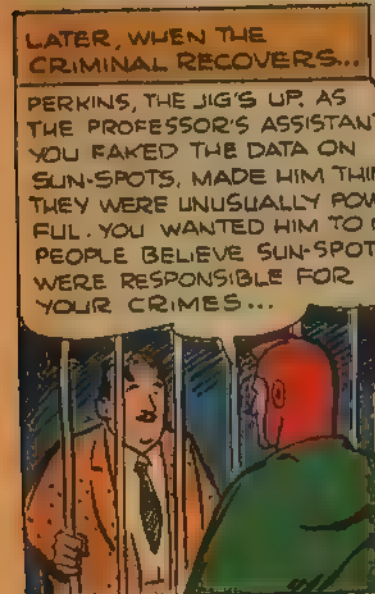
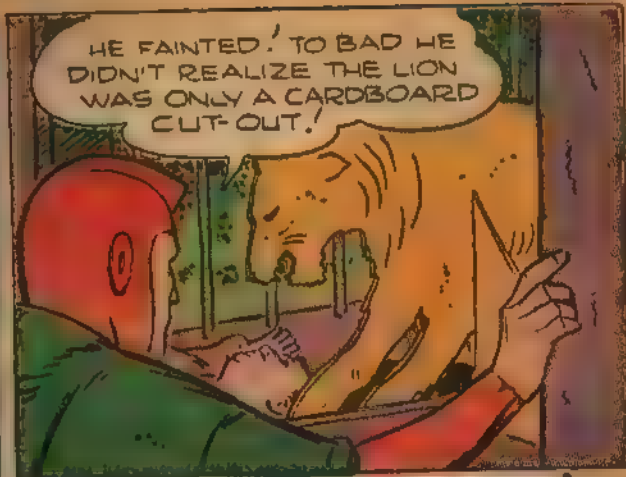
DEAD? NOT BY A LONG SHOT! AND THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY GRAVITY ROD THIS TIME...

NOR MY FISTS!

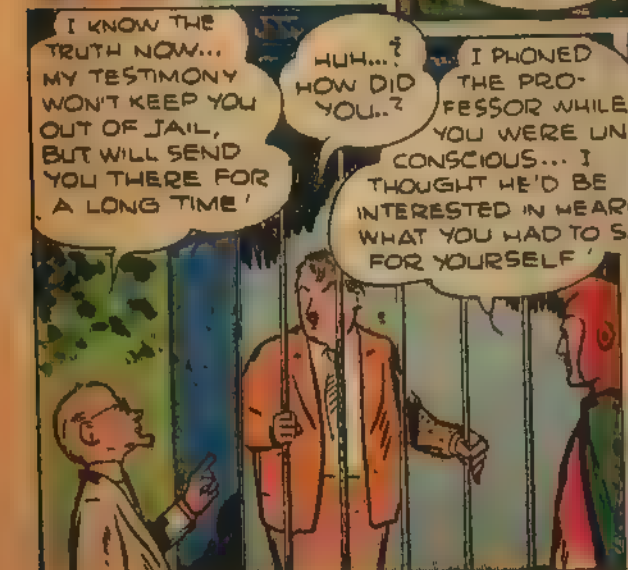
OWW...

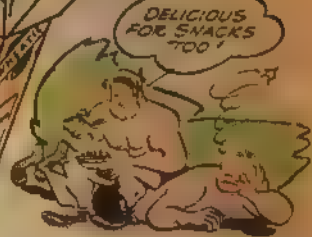
I'VE HAD ENOUGH... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

SURE ABOUT THAT?



AND SO, ONCE MORE A CRIME WAVE SUBSIDES. AS FOR THE CRIMINAL...





"YOU'LL FIND A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, AT MY BREAKFAST TABLE JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING," SAYS BRONKO NAGURSKI, TAKE IT FROM ME, FOR REAL HE-MAN FLAVOR AND SOLID SATISFACTION YOU CAN'T BEAT WHEATIES 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS'!"

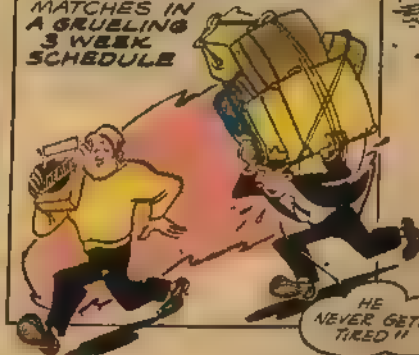
BRONKO NAGURSKI

3 TIMES ALL-AMERICAN, 7 TIMES ALL-STAR PROFESSIONAL, HE GAINED 3,947 YARDS AS A CHICAGO BEAR FOR MORE MILEAGE THAN ANY OTHER PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER

AM I GLAD HE'S ON MY TEAM!



FAMOUS AS AN "IRON-MAN," NAGURSKI SMASHED THROUGH 5 PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL GAMES AND 8 WRESTLING MATCHES IN A GRUELING 3 WEEK SCHEDULE



"THE BRONK" TOOK HIS HARD HITTING FOOTBALL TECHNIQUE INTO THE WRESTLING RING - KNOCKED OFF A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP WITH HIS FLYING BLOCK.

I'M IN IT!!



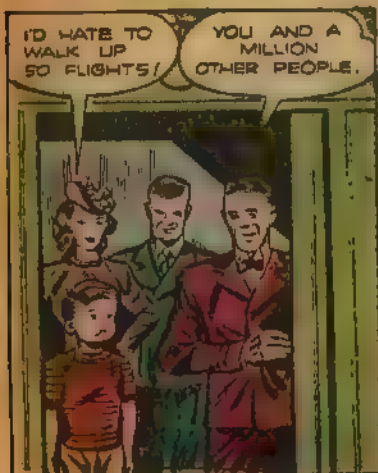
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

BRONKO NAGURSKI IS ONLY ONE OF THE FAMOUS STARS WHO SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY CHAMPION STYLE FOOTBALL IN "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?" AN EXCITING NEW BOOK BY BERNIE BIERMAN, COACH OF THE MINNESOTA GOLDEN GOPHERS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY... ALSO 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS.

BILLY BRAND

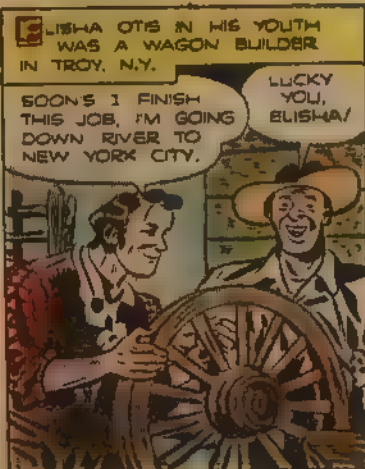
STORIES BEHIND FAMOUS AMERICAN NAMES

15



I'D HATE TO WALK UP SO FLIGHTS!

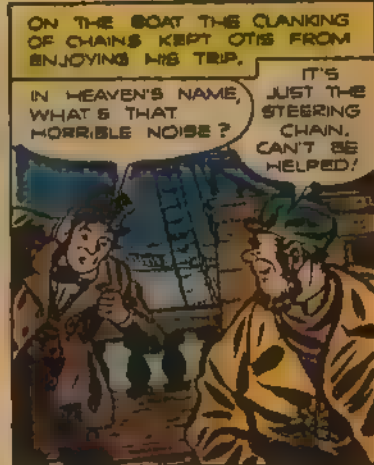
YOU AND A MILLION OTHER PEOPLE.



ELISHA OTIS IN HIS YOUTH WAS A WAGON BUILDER IN TROY, N.Y.

SOON I FINISH THIS JOB, I'M GOING DOWN RIVER TO NEW YORK CITY.

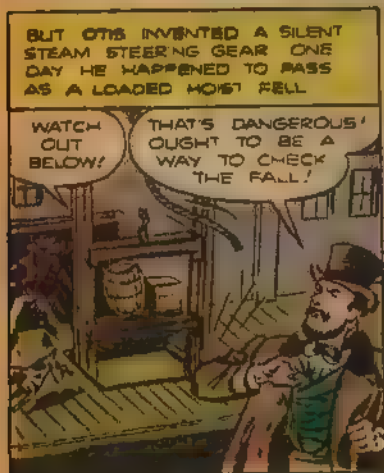
LUCKY YOU, ELISHA!



ON THE BOAT THE CLANKING OF CHAINS KEPT OTIS FROM ENJOYING HIS TRIP.

IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE NOISE?

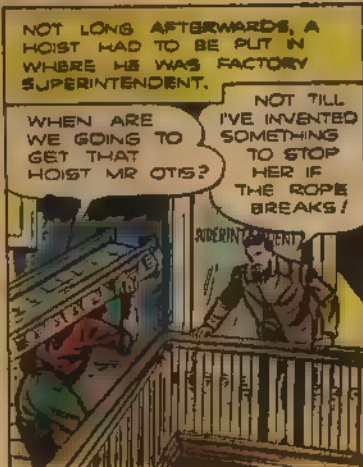
IT'S JUST THE STEERING CHAIN. CAN'T BE HELPED!



BUT OTIS INVENTED A SILENT STEAM STEERING GEAR ONE DAY HE HAPPENED TO PASS AS A LOADED HOIST FELL

WATCH OUT BELOW!

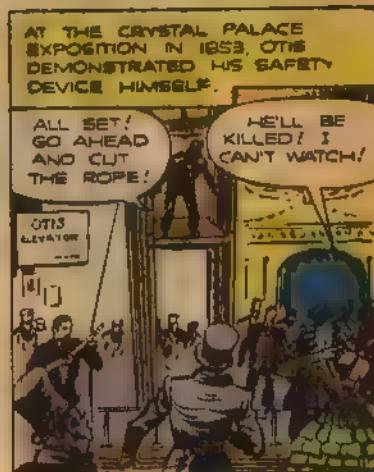
THAT'S DANGEROUS! OUGHT TO BE A WAY TO CHECK THE FALL!



NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, A HOIST HAD TO BE PUT IN WHERE HE WAS FACTORY SUPERINTENDENT.

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET THAT HOIST MR OTIS?

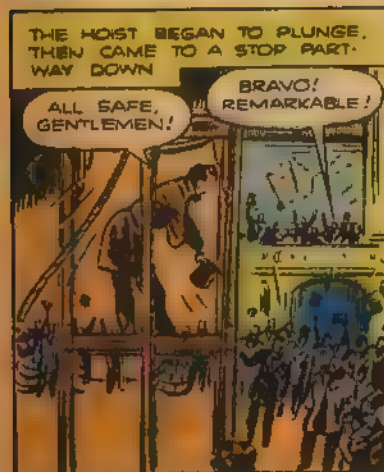
NOT TILL I'VE INVENTED SOMETHING TO STOP HER IF THE ROPE BREAKS!



AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE EXPOSITION IN 1853, OTIS DEMONSTRATED HIS SAFETY DEVICE HIMSELF.

ALL SET! GO AHEAD AND CUT THE ROPE!

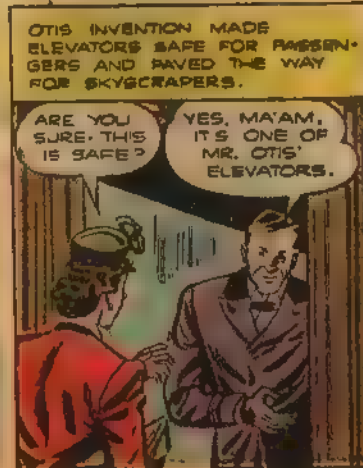
HE'LL BE KILLED! I CAN'T WATCH!



THE HOIST BEGAN TO PLUNGE, THEN CAME TO A STOP PART-WAY DOWN

ALL SAFE, GENTLEMEN!

BRAVO! REMARKABLE!



OTIS INVENTION MADE ELEVATORS SAFE FOR PASSENGERS AND PAVED THE WAY FOR SKYSCRAPERS.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE?

YES, MA'AM, IT'S ONE OF MR. OTIS' ELEVATORS.



TODAY MORE PEOPLE RIDE ELEVATORS THAN ALL OTHER PUBLIC CONVEYANCES PUT TOGETHER, AND RELY ON THE NAME OTIS FOR COMFORT AND SAFETY.



MIKE GIBBS GUERRILLA



STARVED AND BEATEN BY CRUEL JAPANESE JAILERS, VICTIMS OF MENTAL AND PHYSICAL TORTURE... A BAND OF GALLANT AMERICAN BOYS NEVER GIVES UP, WHEN CHANCE BRINGS A GRIMLY BATTLING GUERRILLA TO THEIR AID, THEY HELP STRIKE OFF THEIR OWN SHACKLES, AND THEIR OWN MIKADO'S MEN AND ALL THE MIKADO'S SHIPS CAN'T PUT THOSE BONDS TOGETHER AGAIN, AS THE AROUSED YANKS SET OUT ALONG...

"Freedom Road!"

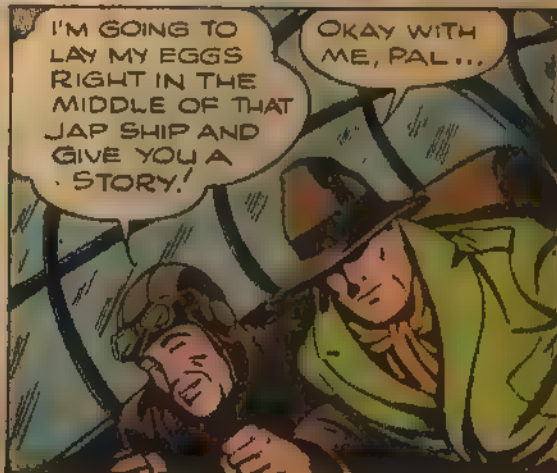
AMERICAN DIVE-BOMBER SIGHTS JAPANESE SHIP... AND PREPARES TO SINK SAME.

WATCH THIS, MR. MIKE GIBBS...



I'M GOING TO LAY MY EGGS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT JAP SHIP AND GIVE YOU A STORY!

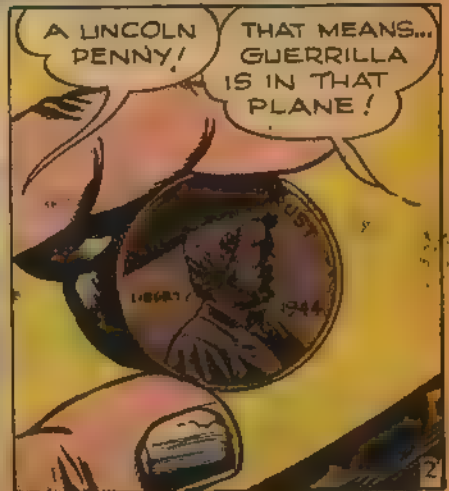
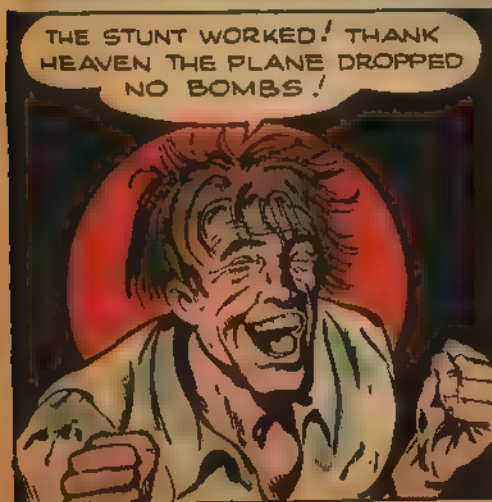
OKAY WITH ME, PAL...





*What's
all
this...!*

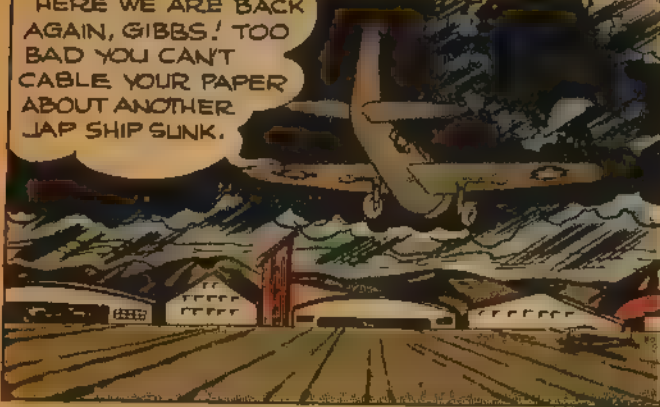
WHY ARE
THE PILOT
AND MIKE
GIBBS
GLAD THEY
SPARED A
JAPANESE
SHIP?





YES, THE PICTURE OF LINCOLN, SYMBOL OF FREEDOM THE WORLD OVER, ALWAYS REVEALS THE PRESENCE OF THE FAMED FIGHTER OF THE UNDERGROUND. HOPE REVIVES AMONG THE PRISONERS. MEANWHILE...

HERE WE ARE BACK AGAIN, GIBBS! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T CABLE YOUR PAPER ABOUT ANOTHER JAP SHIP SUNK.



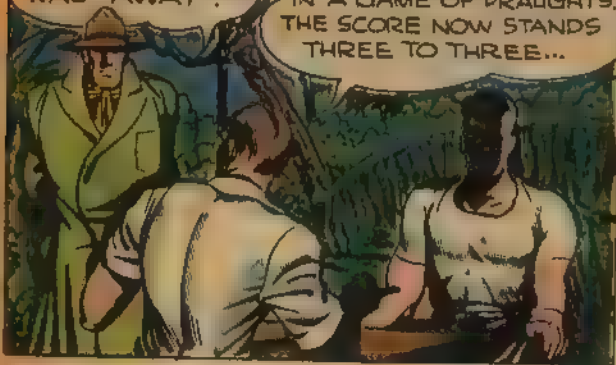
MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO CABLE SOMETHING EVEN BETTER. COME ON, LET'S REPORT THAT PRISON SHIP TO HEADQUARTERS. I WANT IT KEPT UNDER OBSERVATION.



MOMENTS LATER, IN HIS GUISE AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT, GUERRILLA RELAXES AMONG FELLOW NEWSPAPERMEN...

HELLO, BOYS... ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS AWAY?

PLENTY... THIS RUSSIAN TERROR HERE JUST BEAT ME IN A GAME OF DRAUGHTS. THE SCORE NOW STANDS THREE TO THREE...



DRAUGHTS IS BRITISH FOR CHECKERS, MIKE. I'VE BEEN TAKING HIS KINGS.

NOT FAIR, IVAN. YOU KNOW HOW THE ENGLISH LOVE THEIR KINGS.



BUT KIDDING ASIDE, BOYS, THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. STICK AROUND... AND TELL MOSCOW AND LONDON TO BE READY FOR MY NEXT MOVE.

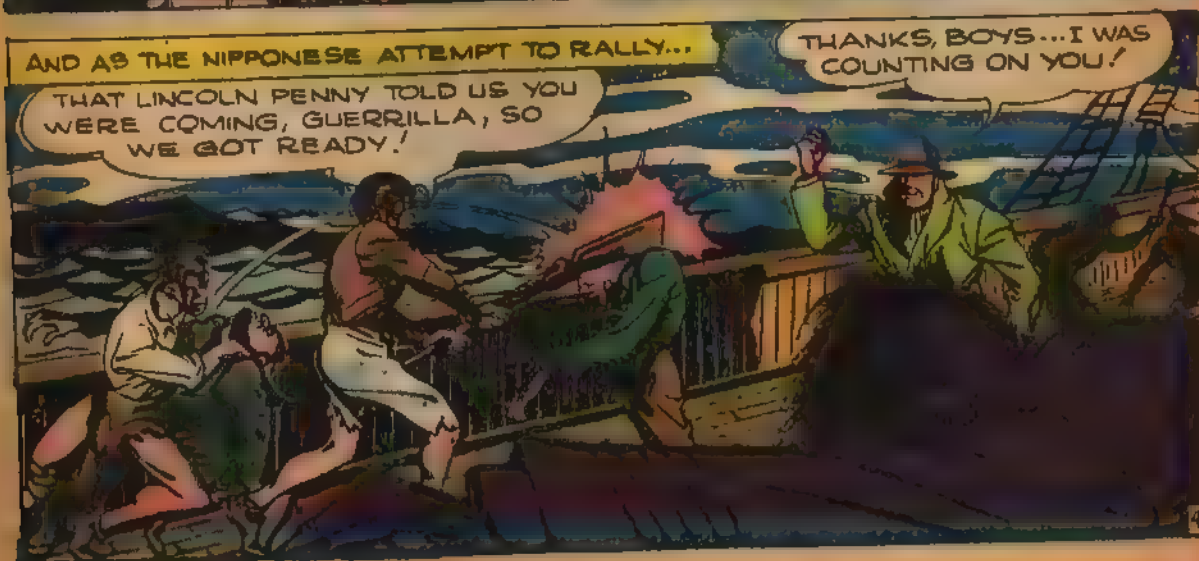
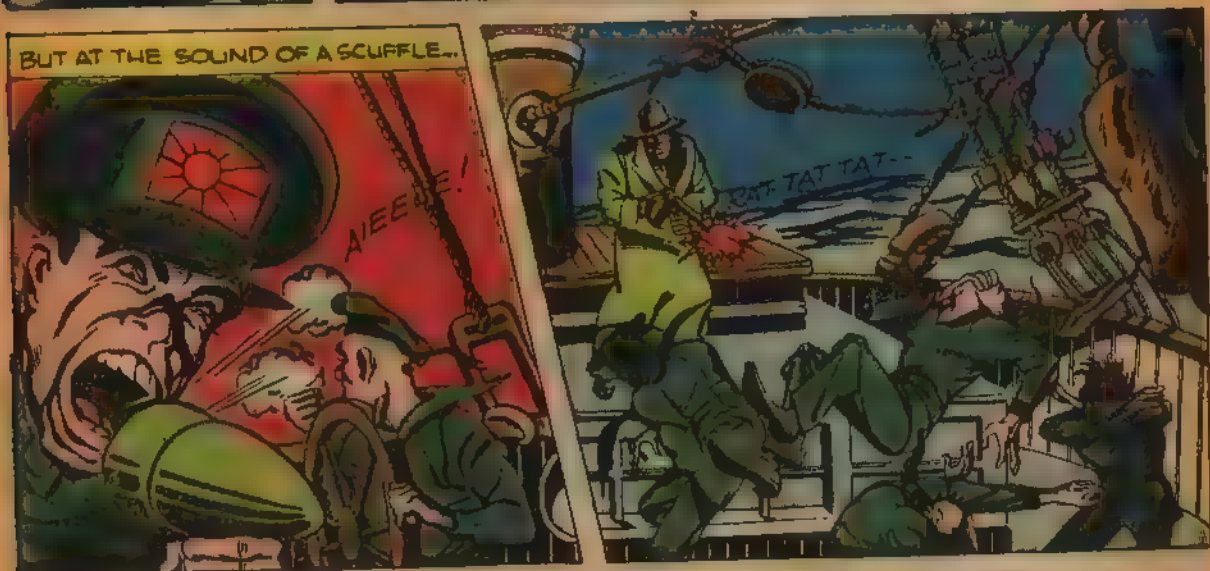
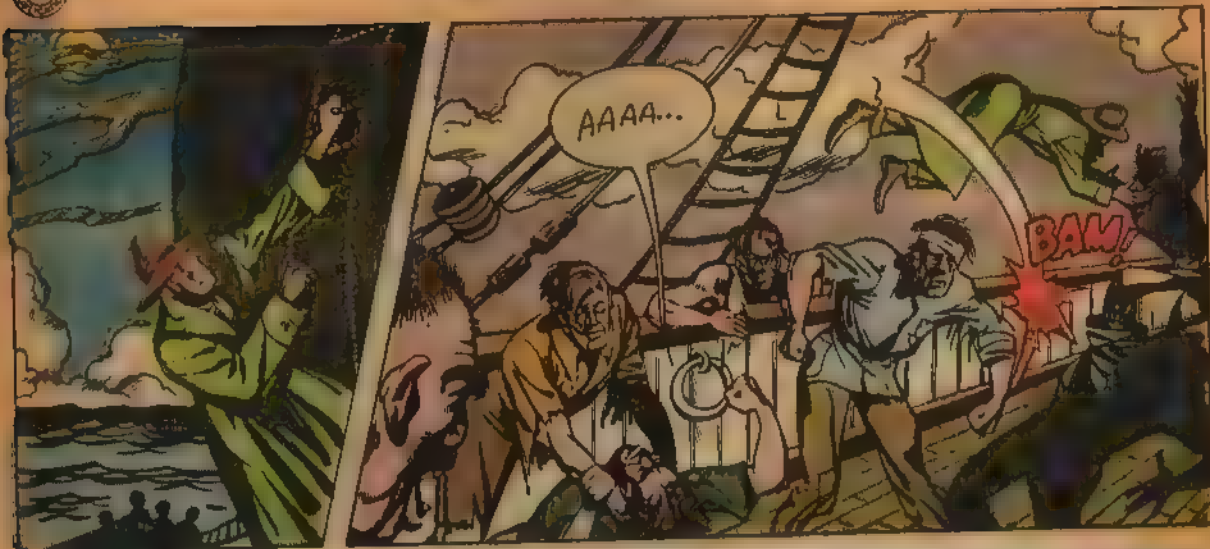


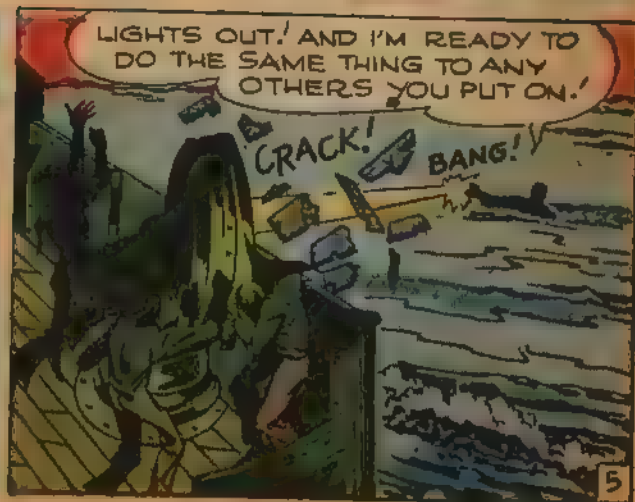
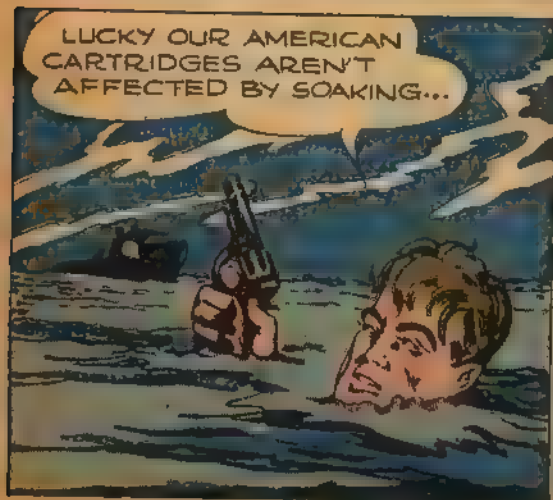
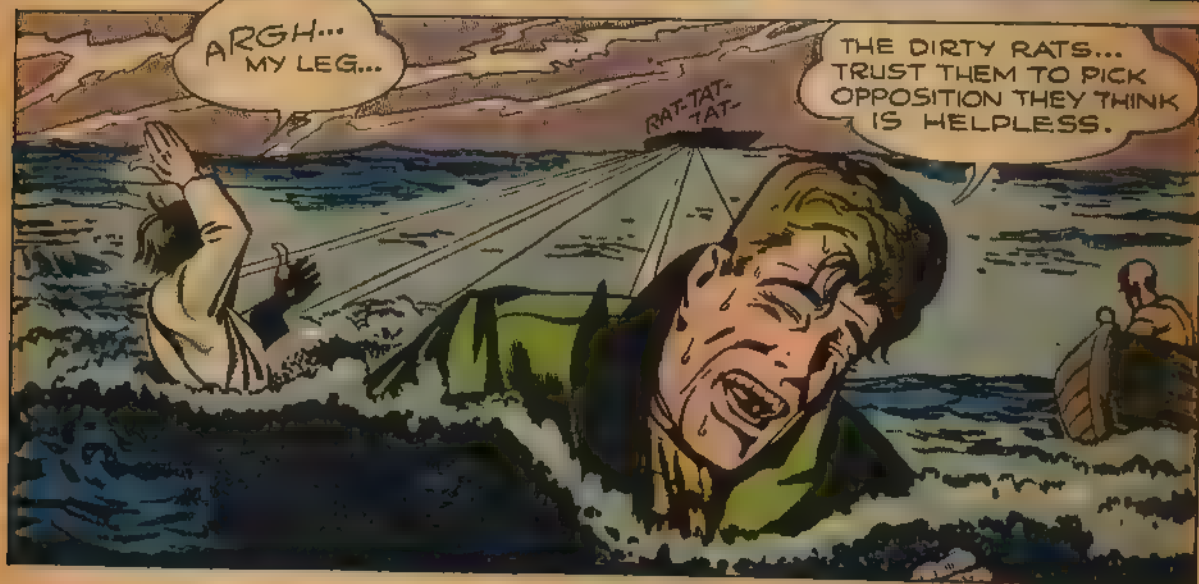
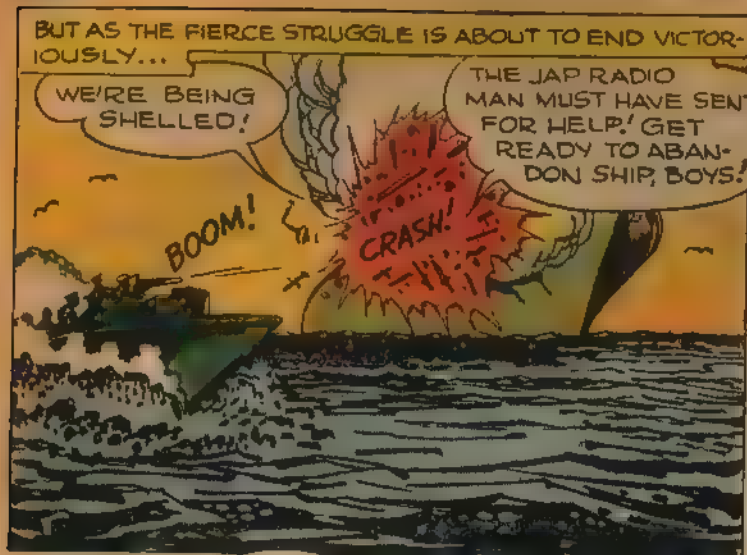
THAT NIGHT...

THE PRISON SHIP'S RIGHT AHEAD, GUERRILLA... AND I DON'T THINK THE JAPS KNOW WE FOLLOWED THEM.

WELL, THEY'LL KNOW SOON. START ROWING, BOYS!









EVENTUALLY MOST OF THE ESCAPED PRISONERS MAKE SHORE. AND AS DAWN BREAKS OVER ONE WEARY GROUP...

GUERRILLA, THIS ISLAND WE'RE ON IS JAP-HELD. AND IT'S A SURE THING THEY'LL BE COMING AFTER US SOON.

BUT THEY'RE NOT TAKING US PRISONER AGAIN! ONCE WAS ENOUGH!



MORE THAN ENOUGH! THE RATS BEAT US EVERY DAY...

STARVED US...

LEFT US WITHOUT WATER...

REFUSED US MEDICAL ATTENTION... LET OUR WOUNDED DIE...



I GET THE IDEA, FELLOWS... I KNOW THE JAPS AS WELL AS YOU DO. BUT, REMEMBER, WE'VE GOT FEW WEAPONS... NO BIG GUNS...

BIG GUNS? GUERRILLA, WE'LL HAVE THEM READY IN AN HOUR. RIGHT, BOYS?

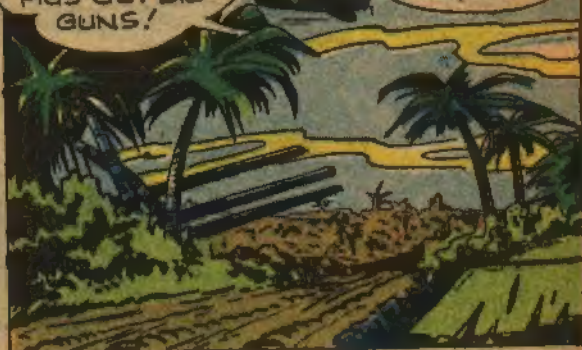
RIGHT!



THINK THE ESCAPED YANKS ARE SUFFERING FROM BATTLE SHOCK? TAKE A LOOK AN HOUR LATER... AS A NIPPONESE SCOUTING PLANE DOES...

OH, OH... YANKEE PIGS GET BIG GUNS!

MUST WARN HONORABLE COLONEL!



MOMENTS LATER...



HOW'S THAT, GUERRILLA? WE MADE THOSE "GUNS" OUT OF BAMBOO... BUT THEY'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO FOOL THE NIPS!

YES, OUR LITTLE PALS ARE WASTING PLENTY OF AMMO BLOWING THEM TO BITS.

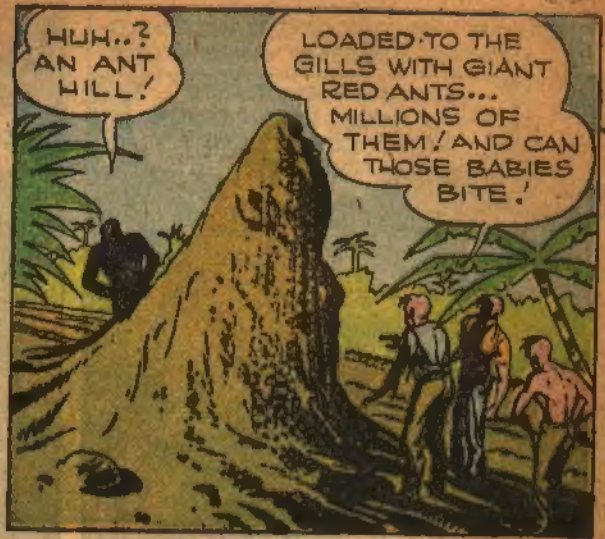


I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO YOU FELLOWS... BUT JUST FOR A MINUTE. GUNS OR NO GUNS, THOSE JAPS WILL TRY INFILTRATING SOON... AND WE'D BETTER BE READY FOR THEM.





MAYBE WE CAN FIND A PLACE WHERE WE CAN LIE IN AMBUSH...



HUH..? AN ANT HILL!

LOADED TO THE GILLS WITH GIANT RED ANTS... MILLIONS OF THEM! AND CAN THOSE BABIES BITE!



OKAY, BOYS, WE'LL LET THEM DO THEIR BITING FOR A GOOD CAUSE! WE'LL LOCATE AS MANY OF THE ANT HILLS AS WE CAN...

THE YANK FIGHTERS SPREAD THROUGH THE JUNGLE. AND SOON, WHEN THE APPROACHING ENEMY IS SIGHTED...

YOU INSECTS HAVE BEEN LIVING TOO PEACEFULLY... TIME YOU GOT INTO THE WAR.

THAT WON'T TAKE LONG, GUERRILLA... THEY LOOK FIGHTING MAD ALREADY!



AND I'M GIVING THEM PLENTY OF ROOM!

YES, THEY'RE ONE ENEMY I DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH!



BUT AS THE JAPS CREEP THROUGH THE JUNGLE ON THEIR BELLIES...

YIIII... SOMEBODY STAB ME!

STAB ME TOO... VERY UNFAIR, HIT BELOW BELT.



EEEEHHH. ANTS!

IF WE CRAWL, THEY BITE.

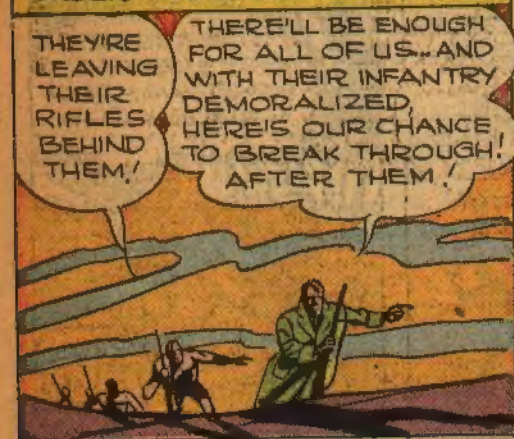
BUT IF WE STAND UP, AMERICANS SHOOT!



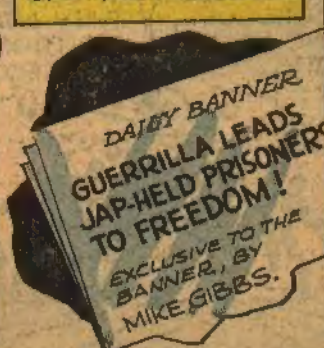
THE ANTS NIP, THE NIPS DANCE WILDLY... AND THE AVENGING YANKS STRIKE!



THERE IS A LIMIT TO WHAT THE MIKA'DO'S MINIONS CAN TAKE! SOON, UNDER THIS DOUBLE BATTERING..



AFTER THEM IT IS! AND SOME TIME LATER, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, EXCITING NEWSPAPER HEADLINES ROLL OFF THE PRESSES..



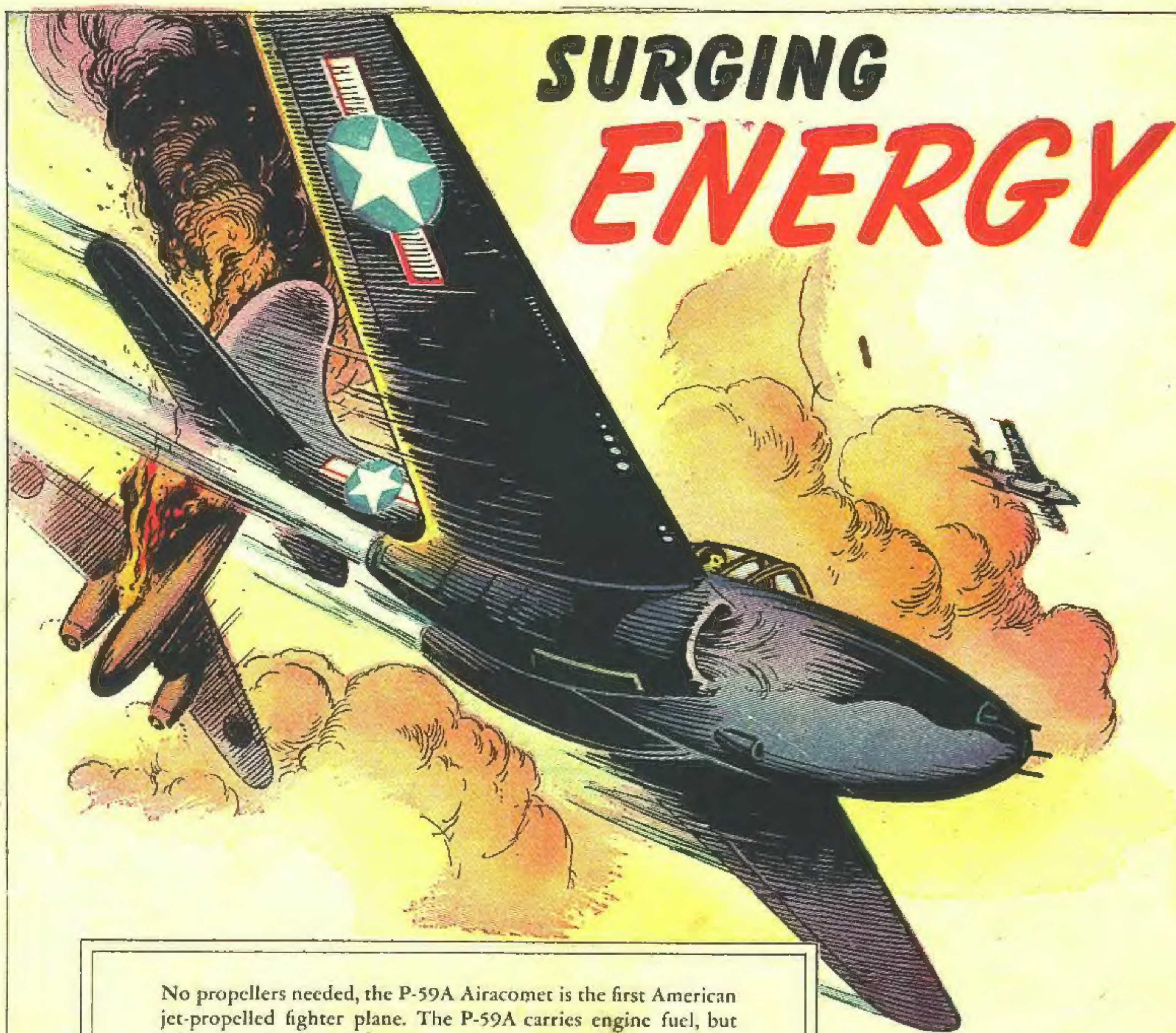
HMMPH... THIS MIKE GIBBS WRITES AS IF HE WERE THERE ... BUT I'LL BET HE WAS NEVER EVEN CLOSE TO A JAP. THESE CORRESPONDENTS JUST TAKE IT EASY, AND GET THE STORIES FROM ESCAPED PRISONERS! THEY CAN'T FOOL ME!



IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW GUERRILLA HAS SUFFERED, HERE HE IS... WOUNDED!



THE END



SURGING ENERGY

No propellers needed, the P-59A Airacomet is the first American jet-propelled fighter plane. The P-59A carries engine fuel, but takes oxygen from the air as it travels through, for propulsion. Fuel and air are sources of its great ENERGY-DRIVE

Baby Ruth HELPS PROVIDE QUICK SURGE OF FOOD-ENERGY

The human body, too, needs energy to go ahead. Baby Ruth Candy is rich in dextrose and other important ingredients full of nourishment. That's why Baby Ruth is not only good-eating, but valuable as a quick "surge-ahead" food.

Uncle Sam is given priority on our tremendous production, but continue to watch for your delicious Baby Ruth bar... it should return soon.



BUY U.S.
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS



*My Mom bakes the best cookies
with BABY RUTH Candy!*

•
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



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